ALL WAR RISKS INSURED FREE. ***See page ii. of cover.***

JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX. No. 501. SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1916. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

822012

For meaning of this number see page 25.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,350,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND SEND TO US A WEEKLY COUPON, WHICH AFTER ITS RECEIPT AT OUR OFFICES WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK—BUT MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY—OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, house become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payments shall be subject to the claimants rights against any other newspaper or insurance body.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your Newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

Jan. 8th. 1916.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... *Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

Jan. 8th. 1916. .....

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above fill in this form and post it to us (a Half-penny Stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

.....

Age, next Birthday..... *Date of Signature*.....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate (first myself, or in the event of my Death):—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above. .....

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

INSIST ON
SPRATT'S
FOR YOUR DOG.

IMPORTANT.—The "John Bull" Pen Coupon will be found on page 25.

BEACON OILSKINS

Keep you dry always. Men's 8/6. Childre 's 7/6. Sou'-westers, 1/6. Long Leggings, 2/9. Guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods. **Illustrated List Post Free** Send Postcard now for this Art Booklet of "Weather Comfort," to BARBOUR'S, Ltd., 67, BEACON BUILDINGS, SOUTH SHIELDS.

HAVE YOU HAD YOUR "JOHN BULL" — PEN YET? —

See page 25.

Madame **SARAH BERNHARDT** "Uses Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles with great success for Chest, Throat, and Voice and recommends her friends to use them."

PINELYPTUS PASTILLES

BRONCHO-LARYNGEAL

CHEST. ASTHMA. THROAT. CATARRH. VOICE COUGH

A Boon to Singers, Clergymen, Teachers. Insist on having "PINELYPTUS." Recommended by Miss Ellen Terry. Sold by Chemists and Stores only in Boxes, 13½d. and 2s. 9d.

KILL THAT INSECT, TOMMY.

Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of

HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE

—they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of comfort," at 4d. and 9d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.

Seize the Opportunity

Are you driven nearly mad by the horrible, incessant itching of eczema? Is your face disfigured by spots, red, angry-looking pimples or a breaking-out that makes you dread meeting your friends? Have you a bad leg that seems as if it never could get better? Have you been to doctors, hospitals, and specialists without result, until now you can't believe cure is possible? If that's how you feel seize the opportunity of trying Antexema absolutely free. This extraordinary British skin-remedy always gives instant relief, and quickly works a thorough and permanent cure. There is no need to spend money in testing Antexema, for we offer it free. Accept our offer and prove that Antexema stops the itching, gives restful sleep and ends the complaint.

Don't delay another moment, but at once start your cure at our expense. If you prefer to keep your eczema, face spots, bad leg or hands, or an irritating rash, of course no one can stop you, but we give you your chance of cure, and once more we say, "Seize the opportunity."

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., and Lewis and Burrows, at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per bottle, including Government stamp. Also in India, Australasia, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

Sign this Form

To Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Please send Handbook, "Skin Troubles," for which I enclose three penny stamps, also Free Trial of Antexema and Antexema Soap.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

JOHN BULL, 8/1/16

British People

are too apt to think that the brewing of Lager Beer is a German business. It is now a British business and the best Lagers are made in Britain:

Allsopp's

is the best.

GREAT FUR SALE

OUR Wholesale Stocks must be cleared during January, irrespective of present market value.

Furs will be doubled in price during the next few months—so seize this opportunity.

Our Real Bargains are High in Quality but Low in Price.

Wonderful stocks of beautiful Furs to select from, all guaranteed.

A visit is highly esteemed, or write for illustrated catalogue.

Charming Set (as sketch) in finest quality Mountain Bear. 63/- the set.

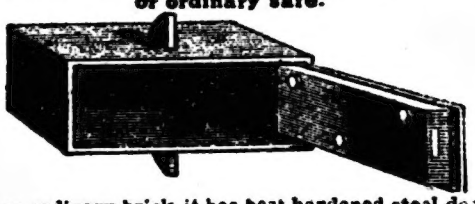
THE WHOLESALE FUR CO.

143, CHEAPSIDE (1st floor), LONDON, CITY.

Also 10, St. Ann's Sq., Manchester, and 2, Lands Lane, Leeds.

KEEP YOUR MONEY SAFE

Your Notes, Cash, War Vouchers, Jewellery, and other Valuables, **in a BRICK SAFE let into your Wall,** where it cannot be detected. Far safer than a till, box, stocking or ordinary safe.



The size of an ordinary brick, it has best hardened steel door with gold six lever lock (no two locks alike), and has secret device making keyhole practically invisible. Can be let into any wall in any hidden position (as behind door, picture, furniture, &c.), giving absolute security. Quite easy to fit it in yourself, or a bricklayer will do it in an hour.

The ideal Safe for Homes, Hotels, Apartment Houses, Shops, &c. Made in two sizes—9 inches wide 25/-, 13 inches wide 30/-. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sent carriage paid on receipt of cash. Owing to irregularity of bricks, lugs only supplied when specially ordered. Special Cement for fixing one safe 1/- extra. Order to-day before you suffer loss or send for list with full particulars and name of nearest Agent to Sole Makers,

BRICK SAFE CO., MORVILLE ST., LADYWOOD, BIRMINGHAM.

EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS

for **SOLDIERS, SAILORS & CIVILIANS**

A genuine, durable, and satisfactory article, soft and ready for use.

UNION JACK and **KHAKI** styles, as well as many other attractive designs.

Sold everywhere, 6½d. each.

Ask for
EXCELDA
Soft Collars and Fronts.

BE SURE you get **EXCELDA**
See name on each Handkerchief

Send him a

DAYFIELD BODY SHIELD

at once—and help to

SAVE HIS LIFE

You can trust the Dayfield Body Shield; it is a tested and *proved* life-protector, absolutely fulfilling every claim made for it. Proof against bayonet, sword, and lance. Also proof against spent bullets, shrapnel, shell-splinters and grenades

Worn under the tunic, it is light in weight (36 ozs.), comfortable in wear, and in no way impedes action. Size, 17 by 12 ins. Covered khaki drill.

SIR HIRAM MAXIM says: "Fully 25 per cent. of the casualties we have met so far would have been prevented by the use of this shield."

Four specially toughened metal plates, strengthened at the joinings by steel strips, explain the DAYFIELD resistive power.

DAYFIELD SINGLE SHIELD.	**DOUBLE SHIELD** (for front & back)
Carriage paid in British Isles **21 6**	Carriage paid in British Isles. **53 6**
Carriage paid to the Front **22 6**	Carriage paid to the Front **55.-**

Of Military Outfitters and Stores, or direct.

THE WHITFIELD MANUFACTURING CO., LTD,
Vernon House, Sicilian Avenue, Southampton Row, London, W.C.
Where Models and Testimonials can be seen.

A MONEY-EARNING BOOK FOR YOU.

SPECIAL WAR TIME OFFER TO THE READERS OF "JOHN BULL."

In this time of supreme national trial, every man and woman must be prepared to undertake greater responsibilities.

We have published a series of beautifully illustrated books giving particulars of the opportunities that now await ambitious men and women in a number of profitable occupations.

If you are anxious to get a better position and increase your earnings we will send you one of these interesting and valuable books post free and without obligation on your part if you will cut out and forward the coupon below at once.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,

40, KINGSWAY, W.C.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your illustrated book, describing the opportunities for gaining increased earnings in the occupation which I have marked X.

—Munition Work	—Coal & Metal Mining
—Business Training	—Mechanical Engineering
—Book-Keeping	—Draughtsmanship
—Salesmanship	—Electrical Engineering
—Shopkeeping	—Architecture & Building
—Advertising	—Civil Service Positions
—Boiler Engineering	—Marine Engineering
—Gas Power Engineering	—Steam Engineering
—Motor Engineering	—Woodworking
—Industrial Chemistry	—Textile Manufacturing
—Careers for Men	—Electric Lighting and Traction

Special.—Openings for Women who are willing to help NOW.

NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above List write it here.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XIX. No. 501. Week ending Saturday, January 8th, 1916. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Very Groggy.
It is one thing to prolong the life of Parliament by Special Act; but you cannot dope a Government that way. There are things in the air.

The Four "Just" Men.
Will they be as good as their threats? At any rate no one ever said that Sir E. Grey was not a man of his word. And he wanted to go when dear Haldane went; naught but Asquithian tears restrained him. Now, will the Asquithian pledge compel him?

Exit Simon.
If the present Cabinet crisis has no worse result than the defection of Sir John Simon, no harm will be done. He is one of those who will not be missed; and ever since his attack upon Lord Northcliffe, he has been steadily losing ground. He must be sorry, now, that he didn't take a legal job. As a politician, his number is up.

Home for a Plum.
That khaki ex-Minister who was in London for Christmas was not entirely concerned with plum-pudding. Something with more plum than pudding in it was his quest. And why not? Good men are scarce.

Another "J. B."
Had John Burns caught the Speaker's eye on the Munitions Bill, there would have been fun. But cheer up, John, you will be able to deliver the same speech on the Compulsion Bill.

Christmas "Cheer."
A scandal we call it that men home from the trenches were compelled to spend Christmas day and Sunday in cheerless London because the bunglers had failed to see to the train service for them.

When the Winds do Blow.
"For those in peril on the sea." Yes, we give a lot of thought to Mr. Thomas Atkins, and God bless him! But when on Christmas night the wind was howling down the festive chimney and the windows were rattling, some of us did not forget the brave lads keeping watch and ward over this tight little island.

Why, of Course.
Newspapers which beat the teetotal drum loudest are surprised and disappointed at the increase in the Christmas week-end police-court charges. What did they expect? If you won't let a man have drink, but insist on his buying a bottle, you cannot wonder if the bottle gets the better of him. The Board of Control is worse than a farce; it's an insult.

Ramsay's Rebuff.
It is reported that Ramsay Macdonald recently offered himself for enlistment, but was rejected by the doctor. Evidently a mental specialist.

Another Cleveland Echo.
"In our opinion," says the *Globe*, apropos of the recent Cleveland election, "Ministers ought to regard this election as a warning rather than as a triumph." They do.

Still at It!
Extract from the official dietary of the Admiralty, as issued to prospective recruits: "Supper, cocoa and bread, either cheese and pickles, cold meat, saveloys, *German sausage* or fish cakes, etc." Enough to frighten any lad off!

Now Then, Dr. Addison!
Is it true that soldiers on leave—yes, and sick leave too—are denied the service of the panel doctor, although they are forced to keep up their insurance payments? Now, Dr. Addison, you used to know all about the Insurance Act!

Right for Once!
From a recent begging letter written by the Peace-crank, C. H. Norman: "The present developments tend to show that unless a more determined Peace agitation is *not* carried on, the whole world will be at war." Many a true word is spoken by accident.

The Right Prayer.
Archdeacon Wilberforce, at St. John's, Westminster, asked his congregation to pray for the emancipation of the German people from "the curse of Prussianism." If that was meant only as another way of praying for victory of the Allied arms, we say "Amen." And we think it *did* mean that.

A Royal Messenger.
That must have been an inspiring sight when our slip of a Prince—but a bully boy and a fine lad every inch of him—stood up before the big dark fighters of our Indian Army and read them the message from his Royal father. They understand the majesty of kings, do our dusky soldiers from the resplendent East. And, by the way, how much more hopeful *this* message was, compared with the last.

Those P C.s.
Sir Edgar Speyer was made a Privy Councillor—we are certain it was the politicians who put him at the King's table—and now the Courts say that a Germ-hun-born "Englishman" is a fit and proper person to advise His Majesty. But Sir Edgar, who is in America, doesn't want to remain a P.C. Surely, then, we can oblige him without the aid of the lawyers.

Zeppelins may come soon, so fill up coupon on page ii of cover.

Of Course Not.

Is there any sane reason why a Military Cross should not go to the next-of-kin of a man who has died since he won it? It may record as fine a deed as any V.C. hero ever performed.

"Starred" Scribblers.

Why should editors and leader writers be "starred"? The average Fleet Street pen is by no means mightier than any ordinary work-a-day sword. It is nobbling the press with a vengeance, and we don't like it.

"Attendance Medals."

An experienced school teacher points out to us the unfairness of these awards—the prospect of gaining which keeps many a child coughing and sneezing in school when it should be at home in bed. But when we get the "Bus. Guv."—as they now call it—all that will be altered.

Every Inch a Queen.

The gracious Queen-Mother set an example to high and low at Christmas-time. Lucky were Tommies at the free buffets who took their coffee and cake from those womanly hands; happy the wounded men to whom she made presents and spoke so kindly in the hospital. God Save Queen Alexandra!

A Vain Wish.

Somebody has sent us an old copy of the *Child's Companion*, containing a portrait of the Kaiser when, at ten years of age, he joined the Army. The letter-press accompanying the picture concludes: "God bless the little Prince and make him a good and wise man when he grows up." Prayer is not *always* answered.

Bar Ethics.

We do not refer to the public house bar, but to that of the Law Courts. And what we have in mind is the considered dictum of two distinguished late Law Officers to the effect that if in the course of a murder trial the prisoner "confesses" to his counsel, that fact should not deter the learned gentleman from doing his best to get the murderer off—and let him loose again in society. And we once had an ambition to wear the wig and gown! What an escape!

Faking the Figures.

Apropos of the "cooked" statistics of drunkenness now being supplied to the press, the following extract from a letter written to us by a Birmingham reader tells a tale: "I saw turned out of a public-house three men quite drunk . . . they commenced fighting, and were soon rolling about on the ground. The police came along, ordered them off—and cleared away." And similar stories reach us from Glasgow, which reminds us of that Home Office Circular which we reproduce on another page.

Trust the People!

It is some little time since Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, the pro-German M.P. for the Elland Division of Yorkshire, was sentenced by the Elland District Council to be "taken out and shot," but as far as we know no steps have yet been taken to execute the extreme penalty. The lawyers would probably say that the resolution of the Council was *ultra vires*, but that it pretty accurately reflected the sentiments of the Elland electors there is no manner of doubt. If Mr. Trevelyan is as much in love with "democratic control" as he professes to be, he should at once resign his seat into the hands of his constituents and abide their decision. The democracy that shuns the polls is stamped as a spurious brand.

Agreed.

We observe that in the opinion of a contributor to the *Runcorn Weekly News* we "are not fit to wipe the shoes of Lord Kitchener or Admiral Jellicoe." We hope not.

More Pennies for Middies.

Really it *is* a shame that the plucky little middies in the Navy should be paid so much less than the gallant little Second-Lieutenants in the Army. It isn't fair—1s. 9d. a day and pay your own mess bill!

The Retort Courteous.

We recently commented on the "Schools of Wireless" run by a man named Sutton—and this is his reply: "You are a lying hypocrite, a rotten belcher, and a loafer." We have been called many names in our time, but a "loafer" is quite new!

Those Bombing Courses.

There is real risk in these bombing courses, and it is not fair that our young officers should be unable to secure immediate medical aid when accidents occur. There was a fatality in Surrey, the other day, which might have been averted by timely medical aid.

Name, Please.

In a recent issue of *Justice*, Mr. H. M. Hyndman tells a remarkable story of a lady of position and education being detained for months in a "Home of Internment," by order of the late Home Secretary, who frankly admits that "no charge whatever is made against the lady," and that she is interned purely as a precautionary measure. We know something about this case, and we now call upon Sir John Simon to justify his action.

January 27th.

We want you all to come to the Queen's Hall on January 27th—especially the women—for on that day there will be a great demonstration of what women are doing in this war. The immediate occasion of the meeting is to call attention to work that is being done at the front by the Radiograph Cars, a work that is saving hundreds of lives, but which must be greatly extended. Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell will be in the chair, and amongst the speakers will be Sir James Mackenzie Davidson, the famous X-ray expert, and the Hon. Arthur Stanley, Chairman of the British Red Cross Society—whilst we have been asked to deliver a special address, to take the form of an appeal to the women of England.

To Teetotalers

Our numerous teetotal readers will be deeply interested in the account of an inquest held at Crewe. The facts related will appeal to their sympathies and furnish them with a moral to adorn some future platform tale. The inquest was held on a man who had made his breakfast of lamb and tea, an altogether innocent repast. At midday he made a meal of meat and tea, a feast that is, on the face of it, equally blameless; but, alas! later on in the day the poor fellow dropped dead. The Coroner thought that "tea was not the proper thing to drink with meat." Presumptuous Coroner! He actually went on to suggest "a glass of beer or a bottle of stout to meat," and the doctor—we blush to write it—dared to agree with him. "Well," Councillor Pemberton is reported to have remarked, "that is a warning to us!" Perhaps teetotalers will agree with us that it is a warning, a terrible warning, to beer-drinkers—not to drink tea.

Britain's Best—the "John Bull" Pen.

Ford's Ark.

Now that 4,000 lbs. of rubber, contraband consigned to a well-known enemy agent, has been discovered aboard the *Oscar II.*, Ford's ridiculous peace ship, the doves may as well scoot off home as soon as possible. Mr. Ford himself has already gone, probably speeded not less by the discovery than by the fact that he could not keep peace even aboard his own ship and among his own paid blatherskites. It is a long time since a motor-car manufacturer made himself the laughing stock of the universe with such overwhelming success.

Oh Law!

We have never pretended to anything but a superficial knowledge of the law of Scotland; it takes us all our time to keep abreast of the many and various Acts of Parliament and the contradictory decisions of our own Courts. But we must admit that we were considerably surprised to discover that such a fundamental principle of British law as that of "compounding a felony" is not recognised in Scotland. For that view we have the authority of Sir Charles Scott Dickson —the "Lord-Justice-Clerk." The position, therefore, is that if any one of our readers North of the Tweed should have the misfortune to have his watch stolen he can quite openly approach the thief and say, "I will give £5 if you will return me my watch, and I won't prosecute you," or he may advertise a reward—"and no questions asked."

Two Burials.

A sad, touching story of two burials comes from the Midlands. Two non-commissioned officers, belonging to different regiments, had died, and were to be buried at the same time. One was interred—as was only right—with military honours, and his Commanding Officer, Adjutant, other officers, and all the sergeants attended. In the other instance, permission was refused for the comrades of the dead sergeant to attend. The men of the Midland regiment did all they could, in their brotherly love, to cover up the crying shame of it. They carried the coffin, removing their cap badges so that the difference should not be marked, and they waited until the second service was ended before they fired the last volleys over both graves. They acted like fine men and good comrades. "But," says one of them, "I glanced across to the other grave, and tried to imagine the feelings of that widow and her family when her husband was laid to rest without one of his own comrades there to pay the last respects." The story is discreditable to the authorities.

Armlets.

Regarding those armlets, there was an ingenuous suggestion made, before the King expressed his desire, that recruits were not wearing them because they were "shy." This neat notion was probably officially inspired, for the simple truth was that the men could not get them. Here is the record of a business man's experience:—Received his 2s. 9d. under humiliating circumstances, and was told, "No armlets until Tuesday." Attended (at Battersea Town Hall) at 6 p.m., joining others who had waited since 5. At 7 o'clock, was told, "No more armlets." Further informed, "We close at 6, so you've had no chance since then." Cleared away by a policeman, and ordered off the steps because a committee meeting was due. Told armlets would be issued Wednesday, 9 to 6. Attended at 9. Was asked, "Can't you see the board? 'Armlets issued between the hours of 10 a.m. and 6 p.m.'" That is the story, and our friend asks how it is possible for business men in town to attend in Battersea at such hours.

Paradise for Patriots.

Patriotism appears to pay at Dover, where, "to keep two or three searchlights going—nothing to do with gunnery—about £10,000 has been paid in salaries and allowances to people who carry on their ordinary civil occupations in the day and do four-hour shifts of duty at night three times a week." These very simple tasks could easily be performed by Army men without costing a penny extra, but they are given to professional gentlemen—lawyers, doctors, and rate collectors. Economy, thy name is—Dover!

Happy Huns.

According to all accounts, Germhun prisoners in British camps had a good time round the Christmas tree this year. In addition to entertainments and concerts, and such wine and beer as prisoners could pay for, Camp Commandants in some cases extended "closing time" to 11.30 p.m.—so that these communities of Germhun butchers, violators of women, mutilators of children, looters of churches, incendiaries of homes, pirates of the air, assassins of the sea, spies *in esse* and *in posse*, were allowed to rejoice and be glad while decent British citizens in their own country were prevented by the Control Board from having even so much as a drink of cider in public places or clubs after 9.30 p.m.! No wonder the Germhuns find us such a nice folk to live with.

On the Cadge.

Customers of Messrs. Chissick and Kipshenstein, wholesale bootmakers, of Assembly Passage, Mile End, have been surprised by a letter in these terms:—"Once again we have great pleasure in wishing you the Compliments of the Season and soliciting a contribution to our Annual Xmas Fund. We trust that, notwithstanding the war, the present year has proved a successful one to you and that the coming one will be more prosperous still. Thanking you in anticipation, Yours Respectfully, The Employees." The letter is said to be sent "By Permission of the Firm." If so, the firm should know better. The combination of cadging and compliments is in bad taste, especially just now, when business men have many difficulties to face. A customer compelled to say no might fear to be awkwardly embarrassed; those that "stand and deliver" do so under protest.

Drink Control Tactics.

Our attention has been called to a remarkable circular, issued by the late Home Secretary and circulated as a "direction" to Magistrates in areas affected by the recent Order of the Central Control Board. This circular amounts to nothing less than an appeal to the various Benches to inflict the heaviest possible sentences upon all offenders against the new Licensing Regulations. It says that Sir John Simon "has reason to believe that the penalties are not being enforced as strictly *as is desirable*"—thus endeavouring to divest the Magistrates of all judicial discretion in dealing with individual cases—and goes on to suggest that "the provisions of the existing law, no less than those of the new Order, should be vigorously enforced." Then there is a reminder that "the Order places direct criminal responsibility on every barman, potman, etc., as well as licensee, who contravenes its provisions. And finally comes the cynical suggestion that the Order is not to be considered "in any way as final," and that the Board will be "ready at any time to consider suggestions for any amendments *or additions*." We should like to know by what legal authority Sir John Simon justified the issue of this circular.

Vigour and Personality, Mr. Bottomley's articles in "Everywoman's Weekly."

Is This True?

This is what a reader tells us: Coming home, by train, to Bristol, he met a man who had been discharged on medical grounds from his battalion, and who had with him, in his bag, "two pairs of good strong boots" which he was going to give away. He added that his battalion was under orders for the Front, and that it had received instructions "to burn all clothes, blankets, boots (of which there were upwards of 20,000 pairs), etc.—new lots of everything being served out to them"! Now, Mr. Tennant, would you like notice of *that* question?

Middlewich's Parson.

Those who know him say that the Rev. Arthur Gasgoigne Child, Army Chaplain and Vicar of Middlewich, in Cheshire, wounded in the Mediterranean, is a parson after our own heart. "A good friend," says one of his parishioners, "as much at home in a poor salt-worker's kitchen as in the drawing-room of his better-off parishioners, he belongs to the best type of clergy. The rev. gentleman left his comfortable vicarage to help and comfort and cheer the boys at the Dardanelles without a thought of self, though he is a delicate man. There are good men and true among the clergy—not so many as I should wish—but I have found you one of them." We take off our hat to Mr. Child, and hope he has by this time recovered.

Tall Teetotal Tale.

A story deserving to be read is at present buried in the pages of Mr. F. N. Charrington's *Illustrated Record*. It is said to be told by one of his converted drunkards, and is "given in his own words." The convert got his "first taste of the accursed drink" when he was 13. It was his father's "blend of Irish whisky, the choicest that could be obtained anywhere." The boy got the bottle, and his "hand trembled so much" that he "sipped" more than he intended. He "fell backward," lay on the floor all night, and "did not gain his senses again till three days afterwards." All that is very astonishing, but we think this "wins it":—"My mother kept it all to herself, for she said if my father knew it he would kill me." Now how much Irish whisky did he "sip"? Not enough to be missed from the bottle by his father, but yet enough to knock him senseless for three days! It was a most unobservant father that neither missed his tipple nor noticed his son was unconscious. *Phew!*

Spoiling the Harmony.

For some time past a weekly entertainment has been provided for the wounded in Reading Barracks by the artistes engaged at the local Palace Theatre of Varieties and by the orchestra of that hall. A show has been given every Saturday afternoon, lasting two hours. Naturally it was a huge success; the sick men were delighted, and the performers were proud to do a little for men who did so much for them. But the orchestra has now gone on strike, refusing to participate unless paid for their services. They are backed up by the Musicians' Union; it is said that to give their services without payment is a breach of the rules, and the Union has "given instructions" that its members "must not play for these concerts in future without the permission of the Union." It is a regrettable stand to take. We should have thought Reading bandsmen would have gladly given up two hours a week to entertain wounded soldiers; we should picture them as begging for the privilege of doing so and counting it as an honour. To find them standing out sourly on strike like curmudgeons is a slur on their art.

"Milk-O."

There are signs that the noble Society of London Milk Rampers, shepherded by the ingenious O'Neill, are in the way of raising the price of milk once again. This time the excuse and the fake is an alleged shortage of supply, which the O'Neill has officially invited members of the Committee to consider. Think of a shortage of supply in this rainy season! If this sort of thing goes on we shall presently expect the Water Board to raise the price of water in consequence of the shortage of rain.

Wideawake Wookey.

Wideawake Wookey is a great man, being Deputy Chief Constable, all in capital letters, of ye antiente City of Bristol. Wookey is wily, and hath an eagle eye, and he itcheth to see that the laws of the realm are obeyed, to the uttermost stretch. When, therefore, a gentleman paid for a lady's drink, it was no excuse, to wakeful Wookey's mind, that the good couple were husband and wife. How dare a man pay for his wife's drink, even in ignorance and almost by accident? The wrathful Wookey duly prosecuted. He got the landlady fined 20s. for "a technical offence," as the Chairman called it, and the minimum penalty of 9s. was imposed on the hospitable husband, "an elderly man, who said he had a shock when he was told he had broken the law." But, there! Wookey the Wonderful is a sleuth, and Bristolians who break the law must prepare for shocks.

Fools Feeding Foes.

There are German prisoners at Hollyport Military School, near Maidenhead. Concerning them, the hard-bitten soldier who is Adjutant remarked, "The only difference between us and the prisoners here is that we have the keys." As the prisoners have a myriad of privileges and luxuries, and no anxieties, the balance is really in their favour. There is a German war prisoners' camp at Dorchester, where the only complaint of the Huns is that they are given no work to do, and time hangs heavily on their hands. In Germany, we remember, our men were set to the filthiest tasks that could be found; it is boasted of by the "cultured" ones in official documents. We, at Dorchester, are paying German cooks "to prepare their excellent foodstuffs in the beloved German manner." In Germany they give our boys coffee-wash for breakfast, "soup" like turnip-water for dinner, tea-wash for tea, and a loaf of potato-bread once in five days. One's blood boils at their brutality—and at our benevolence.

Hi, Kelly!

Everybody knows Kelly—Kelly of the Isle of Man! Well, Kelly is in trouble, sad trouble. He has nothing to live upon but his visitors, and they are glad to flock to him when they can, and Kelly does them well and reasonably. But for two seasons he has suffered. That of 1914 was spoiled; the 1915 season saw the visiting traffic stopped. The distress among the landlords and landladies is bitter; it is no exaggeration to say that ruin, even starvation, threatens many of them. They need help. Some of the things they ask for are—a fair rent court, a revision of the rates, protection against foreclosure by mortgagees, and the billeting of 20,000 troops, to occupy the empty lodgings. One speaker at a public meeting said his house was rated at three times the rent he paid! There is no doubt whatever that poor Kelly has been hit very hard indeed; if the Island Government cannot mend matters, the Imperial Government must take in hand the House of Keys and Tynwald.

Pleasure and Profit combined, try "Bullets."

Woeful Wastage.

In the course of evidence at the Derry Police Court, a non-commissioned officer dropped a few particulars of articles which, in a single month, had "disappeared" from the Ebrington Barracks. They included 21 great coats, 297 pairs of boots, 343 Cardigan jackets, 381 pairs of socks, 67 pairs of putties; to say nothing of trousers, pants, and a service jacket or two. At the prices named by the sergeant, we estimate the total value of the missing articles at some £382, and we read that "this was an average month's loss." It would be interesting," said the Mayor of Derry, "to ascertain the amount lost in this way throughout the United Kingdom." It would, but we should be even more interested to know where the goods from the Ebrington Barracks have gone, and what has been done about it.

The Height of Extravagance.

It is reported that on the vote for allowing Christmas extras one of the Stoke-on-Trent Guardians exclaimed that he was "astonished that two ducks should be allowed between three officers" of the workhouse. All depends on the size, of course. The protest reminds us of that dinner the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn gave to the students at the coronation of Victoria, when the guests added a verse to the National Anthem in respect of the port:—

Happy and glorious,
One quart for four of us,
Heaven send no more of us,
God save the Queen.

Similarly regarding the Christmas birds, the workhouse officers might well have thought the correct supply for the festive occasion was one man, one duck.

A Man of Mystery.

Altrincham, some twelve months ago, felt aggrieved by the presence in its midst of a certain jeweller, 45 years of age, with a large shop. The citizens thought him to be a German, and were prepared to insist upon his removal to some other sphere. But the jeweller, Berman by name, declared himself to be a Polish-Russian-Jew, and we are informed that he secured confirmation of his declaration from three magnates of Altrincham, one being of high rank in the Corporation, another a policeman of elevated position, and the third a dignitary of the Church. We should like those gentlemen to learn that we have in front of us a letter written by Victor E. Berman on his own printed notepaper, signed by "V. E. Berman," and stating, in his own handwriting, plainly and distinctly, "I am German." And perhaps Mr. Berman will let Altrincham know what his nationality actually is.

The Gloves Off.

Sir William Clegg, Chairman of the Magistrates who banned public boxing in Sheffield, has been endeavouring to justify an action so contrary to the Yorkshireman's love of sport. He poses as "a supporter of boxing when conducted on scientific lines, as recreation and a healthy exercise, but he is not in favour of boxing contests which are not carried out on such lines, but are mere money-making exhibitions." To put his case plainer than he does, he approves of amateur, but objects to professional, boxing. To say there is no science in professional boxing is absurd. Wilde, the Welsh professional, is perhaps the most scientific boxer ever seen, and Wells relies on his skill, not upon brutality. Boxing contests "for money" are not disgraceful exhibitions deserving to be banned. They encourage a healthy love of boxing in the amateurs who attend them. But Sir William Clegg closes his narrow mind to plain facts.

The Vital Matter.

A Suggested Poster.

"One of the Boys" suggests this poster for the hoardings: "Countrymen! Look and listen, too! Step into your places—Kitchener needs you; and let your Battle Cry be 'Bang! Bang!' until the Prussian tyrant is swept clean from the face of God's fair earth and Liberty smiles again." So said, well said.

The Old Heroes.

Those Boys of the Old Brigade who wear the honourable red coat of the Chelsea Pensioner have one or two more examples of "Hard Cheese" to relate. Before the war, by a deduction from their meat ration, it was possible to procure a "little something for breakfast." This proved too great a burden for the Master Cook and Q.M.S., so it has been stopped, and, say the Pensioners—in a sentence striking but mysterious—"Now we have to fall back on Slingers!" Leaving that dark word "slingers" in an obscurity we are afraid to pierce, let us record that the Pensioners have "contributed 70,125 lbs. of bread to some fund in connection with the war, but have never seen it acknowledged in any published list." The figures are a credit to these grand old men.

Ghouls.

A sorrowing father and mother received, on a recent Friday, notification from the War Office of the death of their gallant young son. On the Saturday there was a brief paragraph on the subject in the local newspaper, and on Sunday, by the morning post, came a batch of funereal stationery—specimen memorial card, mourning verses, a request for orders, and an intimation "Kindly return all samples." Those "samples," which should never have been sent, intensified the grief at the stricken home. They arrived in an open envelope, bearing a halfpenny stamp, and were sent by E. W. Stephenson, Printer, Newsagent, etc., Thoroughfare, Woodbridge. The "sample" memorial card is a soldier's card; it is an outrage to his memory to use it as an advertisement. There is an offer of "large cards" with a "blank" for "when killed." Could anything more atrocious be done in the name of trade? There is also a sheet of "memorial verses," forty in number, "samples" of drivelling doggerel suggesting the work of some American humorist. Mr. Stephenson, bustling bereaved ones for business in this manner should be ashamed of himself.

The Merry "Special."

One of the gallant and self-sacrificing "Specials" complains, in the good-humoured way of the man who does his duty even while he grouses, about the way uniforms are allotted. He notes that "Specials" who joined in 1914 or early last year have received their caps overcoats, leggings, boots, and capes. But he reads in a notice pinned up at the station, that constables who have joined more recently must complete sixty duties before receiving uniforms. So he, being a newcomer, is setting about his sixty duties, and he reckons they will cover a period of six months. Of course it is rather cold to turn out every third night in this raw weather, but he rejoices hugely in the knowledge that, when the balmy spring comes to make the night air warm and pleasant—why, then he will have a nice thick overcoat to wear! By the way, we are told that it is not true that inspectors or other officers in the Force are paid. We gather that it was originally proposed to grant them some remuneration, but, as a matter of fact, they have all—save one or two during the first few weeks after its inauguration—served without fee or reward other than an approving conscience. We are glad to hear it.

See page ii of cover.

FOUL PLOT AGAINST KITCHENER.

AN OFFENCE AGAINST THE NATION—HE MUST NOT GO.

By The Editor

I do not propose to worry my readers about the alleged "Cabinet crisis." The truth is, I care little for any number of crises in the Cabinet, because I care little for the Cabinet. If a score of right honourable gentlemen do not understand the meaning of plain English and cannot decide when the Prime Minister of England has said a thing in their name, and without protest—be it about the married men who have enlisted, or about the single men who have not enlisted—then those twenty gentlemen should go to school again; to the school of honour and good faith.

A November Plot.

To-day I am concerned with one man, a man who has kept his word, who has never whittled down his pledge or allowed anyone else to do so; who has kept faith with the people of Britain, as the people of Britain in their splendid millions have kept faith with him. Lord Kitchener is the man I mean, and Lord Kitchener's position is to-day again in serious jeopardy. I say "again" deliberately; for, however premature and precipitate the *Globe* may have been, it was essentially a case of there being no smoke without fire. Personally I regarded the position as sufficiently serious to warrant me in adopting the extreme and unusual course of issuing a Sunday manifesto. What I said then I repeat—"Kitchener Must Not Go." When the truth is told, the country will understand why I acted as I did on that first Sunday in November. When the truth is told, the nation will realise why the politicians made all the fuss; why with tears and protestations we were assured that they all loved "K. of K."; that he had gone on a little visit to the Near East, but that a sorrowing Cabinet were eagerly and anxiously waiting to clasp him again to their bosom. Take it from me, that was all fudge and flapdoodle. There was a plot—made known quite appropriately on Guy Fawkes' Day—to get rid of the man whom we all trust with unwavering faith; whom we all believe is the strong man, of few words but of resolute action—the man who has called millions to the colours and who could win this bloody and world-bleeding war for us if only he were allowed a free hand—if only the pettifogging politicians, the Wait-and-Seers, the Don't-annoy-Neutralers, the Be-Gentle-with-the-Germaners, and the whole composite and cosmopolitan gang of Inefficients and Irresolutes would leave him to his job. Well, the plot of November last was "scotched"; *but it is waxing strong again.*

A New Plot.

I know what I am talking about; and I say, without any trimming or beating about the bush, that there is to-day a plot on the part of several members of the Cabinet to get rid of Kitchener. There is a deliberate plan, already well advanced, already three-parts successful, to squeeze out the War Minister—to rob him of all his strength and responsibility; to snatch from him the post with which he was invested when, thank God! he was sent by public acclaim—clamour, if you like—to the War Office, while the politicians groused and grumbled and gave him a cold welcome. And to-day they are saying that he has not done all that was expected of him. *Don't believe them.* Whitehall is a whispering-gallery; Westminster is a whispering-gallery; and all you hear are whispered criticisms of the great man, under-the-breath attacks on his capacity. These people dare not speak so that all may hear. They know that if the public came to realise the mean and dirty plot against the one man who saved us from dishonour in the first dark days of the war, and has staved off defeat in the long months of the making of a new and magnificent Army, they wouldn't be tolerated for another hour. Someone "blew the gaff" on the November plot—and it was stopped. Denials—hot, indignant, frantic denials—quieted the public mind. As a leading newspaper, which is supposed to be in the confidence of the inner ring of the Cabinet, wrote at the time, "Lord Kitchener has become so great a popular legend that it would be necessary to break it gently if a change had to be made." Well, they were going to break it gently in November; and now they are at it again.

Kitchener's Record.

Is there one aspect of his magnificent work, is there one feature of his all-embracing responsibilities, in which he has failed? He was called to his colossal task at a moment when, as we know, Lord Haldane was sniffing around the War Office. That was his first claim to our eternal and Imperial gratitude; he kept out the "spiritual-homer" and he made it impossible that we should break faith with our French ally. He sent forthwith the Expeditionary Force to the field of battle; that "contemptible little Army" that saved Paris; that Army which under his strong and soldierly care has grown into a fighting host of millions. While the poor craven politicians, who refused to believe in "inevitable wars," were thinking in hundreds of men, and of a three months' conflict, "K. of K." was thinking in millions and predicting a three years' struggle. Who was right then—who is right now? Is there one thing the politicians have done which arouses our enthusiasm; is there one thing "K. of K." has done which does not merit our enthusiastic praise? "What about shells; what about machine guns?" says the pawky politician. Well, I am going to show you that the shells which won Loos were the shells which Kitchener and his Ordnance Department provided. We know no favourites in the stress of war. The test of a man in the hour of fighting is

the test of courage and efficiency. Does he will to do, can he do and has he the courage to do what he knows to be necessary to secure victory —a victory which will grind the enemy to the dust and break for a hundred years the base and damnable machine which is turning out dead men by the hundred thousand and maimed bodies by the million? Lord Kitchener has been basely and wantonly attacked in Parliament. Has anyone said a word in his defence? Not one. *The man whom the country loves, whom the Empire trusts; the man who has rallied to the standard of the King the best and the bravest of our boys; the magic of whose name and reputation has brought our sons and cousins from the far corners of the earth, has not one faithful friend in the Cabinet, to get up in the House of Commons and speak a word on his behalf.* What does it mean? I will tell you. The politician has never liked a soldier. The soldier knows his job; it is his business to conduct war—whilst it is the duty of the politician to take a back seat.

How They Treated Lord Fisher.

The sailor, too, tried to make war, and until he was jockeyed out Lord Fisher made magnificent war. But the politicians were on his back; they harried him until he could stand it no longer. I believe in Fisher as I believe in Kitchener. Fisher should not have gone—that was his one mistake. He should have stuck to his post and appealed to the people against the politicians. Kitchener must not go. He is a big man, a silent man, but a man with a nation behind him. For the sake of all the men who have died that we may win, for the sake of our honour and in the name of our fighting strength, we beg him to stand up against the politician and win through for King and Empire. His task is a hard one, we know. Harder than fighting in the field is it to fight the politician in the Council Chamber. The one is fair fighting; the other is a struggle against underhand influences and intriguing meanness. But he will win if he sticks to it; and the country is behind him. Both in Parliament and in the Press we had warning of what is now happening. When the November plot was unmasked and the nation showed its teeth, the politicians got a terrible fright. But we were told what to expect. We were to have, amongst other things, "some high Eastern command," and "for such a post Lord Kitchener's peculiar authority in Oriental matters might be thought to mark him out."

Von Donop's Dossier.

That "high Eastern command" has a big story behind it. I cannot tell it all now, but if the politicians persist in undermining the strength and authority of His Majesty's Secretary of State for War, I shall proclaim it from the house-tops. I shall tell all about certain telegrams which the great man very properly and most patriotically ignored; and I shall have something to say about that wonderful Munitions Board, which sat from October, 1914, till the middle of last year—*and did nothing.* I may even call for the production of Von Donop's dossier, to ascertain who really was to blame for the munitions muddle.

Who was it who told us that "Your country needs you"? Who was it who told the women that they could help to win the war by offering to fill the places at the benches of the men in the trenches? Who was it who warned Labour that on its energy and its self-sacrifices depended success in the war? Long before the Ministry of Munitions was formed, Kitchener saw the danger ahead. In a few plain phrases, not in windy rhetoric or flamboyant perorations, he told Parliament and the country the truth. It was the politician who dared to give him the lie—an unheard-of infamy against which history will make a lurid mark.

His Warning to Labour.

Warned Labour? Of course he did; and Labour would have taken his word there and then, and we should have had no more trouble, only the politician gave him that lie direct. Here is what the Great Man said in the House of Lords last March, while on the very same evening, in the Commons, the politicians were raving over the Welsh Disestablishment Bill!

> We have unfortunately found that the output is not only not equal to our necessity but does not fulfil our expectations; for a very large number of our orders have not been completed on the dates on which they were promised. The progress in equipping our new Armies and also in supplying the necessary war material for our forces in the field has been seriously hampered by the failure to obtain sufficient labour and by delays in the production of the necessary plant, largely due to the enormous demands not only of ourselves but of our Allies.

On that occasion Kitchener also spoke of the delay due to Trade Union restrictions (the very thing the Minister of Munitions had to face within the last few days on the Clyde). He furthermore gave a promise to Labour that its patriotic work should not be used to inflate profits, and that the men should share in the benefits.

The Latest Scheme.

All this and more is to the credit of "K. of K."—the man who could have been Dictator any time these last twelve months if he had not believed it to be his duty to remain a member of the Cabinet. Now they want him to go. They wished him to go in November; they thought they had got rid of him; but the "popular legend" was too popular for the unpopular politician. And so they had to pretend to welcome him home again. And now, what is the latest game? *To send him back to Egypt*—India, I understand, being "promised" elsewhere! And this is how the *Times*—working with the politicians in this matter—prepares the way: "In no part of the world are we in greater need of a man whose very name will compel obedience and respect." Well, his name compels both "obedience" and "respect" at home. And here he must remain. Let him say the word—and he shall be obeyed. For, despite all the machinations of the Westminster schemers, he still holds the unwavering confidence of the public. His reputation has never stood so high as it does to-day. He is the man who has done big things and not talked about them—the man the politicians would shelve—*the man who will have no patched-up peace.* And whilst a Cabinet may fall, a Man will stand erect.

ARE THEY ROGUES OR FOOLS?

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE FOREIGN OFFICE?—NOT THE WAY TO CRUSH GERMANY.

By Charles Palmer (late Editor of the *Globe*).

(Under the initials "C. P." Mr. Palmer has won a name for himself as a fearless writer on national affairs. We welcome him as a contributor to John Bull, *and look for more articles from so British a pen.)*

What does it all mean? You have either to believe that somewhere behind the Government stand some incredible rogues or some incredible fools. I am not going to suggest that His Majesty's Government, composed of the leading men of both great political Parties in the State, is deliberately and intentionally pro-German. Yet this Danish agreement about which Parliament has been so concerned gives aid and comfort to His Majesty's enemies. Lord R. Cecil, as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, has taken the main responsibility for it. This itself is a strange thing, and it is quite evident, from Mr. Asquith's evasive answers, that the Cabinet knew nothing about it.

What is the matter with the Foreign Office? What are the sinister influences at work? Why should so serious an agreement with Danish traders to let in foodstuffs and feeding stuffs without any guarantee that they shall not be sent into Germany be made without Cabinet knowledge and approval? "The Government take full responsibility," said Mr. Asquith, with that parade of Ministerial chivalry which is so cheap a thing at a time like this. But why is it the Government *takes* full responsibility; should it not have *exercised* full responsibility? That is quite a different matter. To exercise responsibility and control is the last thing our lawyer-politicians seem anxious to do. What, I again ask, is the matter with the Foreign Office?

What Sir E. Grey Said.

Just consider. On the eve of the departure of the All Highest's emissary, when the gage of war had been taken up, Sir E. Grey is said to have told the German Ambassador that "he was remote from every idea of crushing Germany." Look at the Declaration of London. I have been reading once more the debate in 1911, when Sir E. Grey and Mr. McKinnon Wood (then Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs), used every artifice of specious argument and appeal to induce Parliament to ratify that infamous instrument, which benefited the great military nation—Germany—at the expense of our naval power. Is it not a crushing indictment of the Foreign Office that, having found it impossible to enforce that instrument by Act of Parliament, they promulgated it by Order in Council after the war started? Yet to-day it lies broken in two. Not a single one of its provisions is alive; it has been killed by the logic of fact and the force of public opinion.

Supplying the Enemy.

Then there was cotton. What need to tell the sorry and almost contemptible story of the wrigglings and prevarications of the official mind? Unionist, as well as Radical—they are tarred with the same brush so soon as they touch the pitch that seems to cling to office. Lord Haldane, that arch-political impostor, and Lord R. Cecil, once the most outspoken and candid of Unionists, both tried to buttress the Foreign Office over cotton. Only by attack and again attack, by assaults in the press, backed up by criticism in Parliament, was that infamous attempt to placate America at the expense of Britain, and to the advantage of Germany, brought to an end. Now we have this Danish agreement by which Germany can receive beer, matches, malt, leather goods, coffee, chocolate, tea, fresh and dried fruits, women's and children's clothing, clocks, watches, etc. Is anyone going to suggest that such an agreement is not "remote from every idea of crushing Germany"?

Trading with Germans.

But there are other ways of helping to crush Germany. Has the Government taken them? Our Courts have said (interpreting the law as lawyers will do) that a German company without an Englishman in it, and with some of its members now in the fighting field against us, is quite English so long as it has taken the precaution to use our law to register as English. And from that position no Law Officer of the Crown has until now shown any disposition to budge an inch. These lawyer-politicians are such splendid patriots! But while they sat still others have been on the move, and would it be believed in the seventeenth month of war we have induced the Government to act! Isn't it splendid! What celerity of decision, what determination and resolution in crushing the German!

That fine old warrior, Lord Halsbury, got the final "move on" the lawyers. He has brought forward his Bill in the House of Lords, which will make it impossible for a German company in this country to trade as a British concern. The Lord Chancellor has sniffed at it; the Prime Minister declines to have anything to do with it. But we shall have it. Meanwhile, in the Commons the Home Secretary has been at last induced to propose legislation which will make it possible to concoct a black list of German firms in neutral countries with which it will be an offence for English firms to deal. Most people would imagine that to trade with an enemy firm anywhere was an offence. Not at all. You may trade with him at home, and Government officials collect the money to be paid over after the war, when Germany will be very glad of it; and you may trade with German firms in neutral countries.

Helping the Enemy.

That sort of thing is certainly "remote from every idea of crushing Germany." It is only after we have spent millions of money and thousands of lives in trying to crush Germany on the field that the Government are at last alarmed. What is the good of imploring our people to make sacrifices and provide "silver bullets" when we are actually helping the Germans to mint the same thing? A black list of Germans in neutral countries is not to be the end of this new-found zeal for crushing Germany. We are now promised a similar list for this country. The idea is to shut down every German firm which it does not benefit us to keep going. Germany has shut up all English shops and factories; France has closed down every Boche works. Under the new Bill, we can do the same. Only we must keep a wary eye on the Government, or there will be curious and unaccountable loopholes through which the enemy will escape.

OWN UP, ASQUITH.

FACE THE TRUTH.—HOW WE STAND IN THE FIRST WEEK OF 1916.

BY A. G. HALES.

(Mr. Hales, a strong anti-Conscriptionist, reiterates his view that Germany is now at the mercy of the Allies.)

He who fears to face the truth boldly is more than half beaten. This nation is not afraid to face the truth, and the whole truth. There are men who are manufacturing lies every day, and calling their produce by the name of truth, in order that the nation may be deceived, and its liberties be filched from it—for there is, and long has been, a war within a war raging in our midst. It is a grim and a terrible truth that the nation's secret foes would rather see Germany come out of this struggle little, if any, the worse for the ordeal of war, than that our own people should stand at the declaration of Peace strong enough, steadfast enough to demand and obtain the reforms—political, social and domestic—to which they are entitled, and for which they have been groping blindly, but unceasingly, for generations. Those of our men who have gone forth to fight have this duty to perform: they have to beat the German foe until the greatest military monster of all time is trodden into the mire. They have to fight until not a vestige of power remains to the despots who would put gyves upon the world and throne murder in the seat of justice. But those who remain at home have a solemn duty.

OUR DUTY TO THE FIGHTING LINE.

Our duty is not less than theirs who stand in the trenches, and we must prove we are made of mettle as good as that from which they were fashioned; we must be ready to make personal sacrifices, we must be ready, if need be, to stand up and fight like men, and if our lives pay forfeit—well, "What is life without honour, what is death without shame?" We have got to see to it that, whilst our comrades are away fighting for us, *their liberties are not stolen from them.* They left this land a band of free men—shall they come back to it and find themselves betrayed; shall they return to find that the very thing they went forth to crush, that the world might be free, has been riveted upon them? If so, there is not one of us who will dare look squarely into the brave, clear eyes of the khaki host that will in the end come back. We are told there are half a million men who should have enlisted who have not done so; then, if that be true, is that a reason why *thirty odd millions* of people should be put under the thumb of a class who are kin in soul and in purpose to the Prussian Junkers? It is the first twist of the chain that is going to cripple British liberties for all time and make us as Germany was, and is—a hated, brutal, semi-bestial nation. We have got to look the truth squarely in the face. This wail about the unmarried men is only raised to lull the married men to sleep.

NO CAUSE FOR PANIC.

There is not a shadow of cause for panic. Our worst and most formidable foes are dwellers in our own tents, and if there were no subterranean work afoot we might well be satisfied. We have four million Volunteers with the Colours. We have legions more coloured men willing to volunteer. Our Fleet is mistress of all the waters of the world—except the Kiel Canal and the Dardanelles. Our armies on the Western front are massed and ready for what may come. France holds her border line impregnable behind barriers of triple steel. Russia holds the enemy on the Polish front so grimly locked that he cannot make a forward move, and dare not now hazard a retreat which he knows would develop into a disaster. We failed at the Dardanelles. How and why we failed has not yet been written. When it is written, a new page in British history will follow swiftly. Why has Mr. Asquith never dared to tell, though frequently pressed, the name of the Commanding Officer who turned certain victory at Gallipoli into humiliating retreat and made vain the sacrifice of 200,000 heroes' lives. Why? Mr. Asquith knows why. We were beaten there—let us admit it—though we were so close to victory that it was all over bar shouting.

SALONICA THE STEPPING-OFF POINT.

In the middle East our strategic position is superb. At Salonica we rest in command of the sea and can strike the enemies' flank when we are ready. There we stand at the vital spot, the vulnerable spot. A Napoleon would win the war there in five pitched battles. It is there we can cut through the backbone that connects Berlin with the Bosphorus; it is there we can assemble the armies of all the Allies from all sides, and from there we can mop up Bulgaria, Austria, Turkey, and then march on to Germany; but Germany will not wait for that. When Bulgaria and Turkey fall the Teuton people will brush the Kaiser and the Junkers aside and sue for peace. They know what they deserve for the deeds of their armies on conquered territory. They know what they will get if invading hosts fight on their soil. They will not wait for that. Germany has been invaded more than once in its history, and such memories are long. Is there room for panic in all this? Is there cause for us to barter one iota of our own dearly won liberties to place ourselves under the heel of a clique who badly need what the tyrants received at the hands of the French people in the great Revolution? All the blame for the failures of 1915 has been thrown upon the people, yet the people have been magnificent. Blunder has been heaped on blunder in the field and in the councils by responsible men. The people have not even murmured. They have stood it like stoics. They will stand anything except a patched up peace made behind their backs—*that they will not stand.*

THE GLORY OF THE NAVY.

So completely has our Navy mastered the enemy that not a single coaling station is left to them, and never again shall they possess one if we are true to ourselves; never again shall German merchantmen coal in British ports in order to compete with the output of British brains and energy. What then will be the use of Germany's mercantile marine? What will be the use of her navy five hundred miles away from home? We have her by the throat, and, by the God of Battles, we'll hold her until she chokes! This we will do unless there is a force at work stronger than the will of the nation; her merchant shipping can rot in harbour or be sold to us to carry on our giant trade. Germany is ours, root and branch, if we are only true to ourselves; but watch, and keep watching, and be ready to spring if need be. Don't believe Asquith when he says we are in parlous case concerning money; the money resources of this Empire have not been even frayed at the edges yet, let alone worn in the centre. God alone knows why the man should have made such a statement. Every banker in the country knows it is not true. We hold a winning hand, a hand full of trumps. Stick to Kitchener and the fighting men, and all will be well; and this is the truth before God.

GOOD GOD! LET US REALISE.

THE WAR, THE CLERGY, AND—DRIVEL.

By Reginald Wills.

The other day I strayed into a chapel with the intention of listening to a sermon that would make me feel contented and at peace, but, instead, I listened to a lot of drivelling nonsense. We were told that this war was the inevitable outcome of people riding about in motor-cars on the Sabbath; that the rivers of blood which are now flowing are but an object-lesson of what those who did not go to chapel have brought us to.

Good God! let us realise. Let us consider the direction to which all this blasphemous rubbish is leading us; let us remember that this sort of traitorous spiritual teaching is doing tremendous harm to us as a Nation. For it is this kind of pulpit love-teaching that has kept us all half-asleep for years; that has permitted the Huns to come over here in their thousands and work for the downfall of the British Empire. *And they came very near to succeeding.*

Patriotism *versus* "Principle."

Sometimes, when I hear and read all this pulpit drivel, I want to cry out in despair. For the arguments seem crooked, upside down, and rotten to the core. Heavens! when we are faced with a world-war of this gigantic magnitude; when we are fighting, indeed, for the maintenance of the British Empire and to vindicate the honour of humanity, what does "Principle" stand for? It stands for nothing. It is a stinking egg. All that matters is to *win the war*; and when the "other fellow" fights with his gloves *off* and with iron bands around his knuckles, only a fool could counsel the employment of "soat soap" methods because of "Principle." I remember an incident which happened just before the war. I was sitting at a café in Paris, talking with a few friends about the situation. We were all serious. A Frenchman said to me: "You English—you are a fine race of people. You are honourable and straight. But——" The hesitation made me wonder. "But—what?" I prompted. He sipped his cognac and answered: "You are all just a little bit *too* loving for a war."

There you have it! That sentence, spoken fourteen months age, sums up the whole situation in a nutshell. We *are* too loving—to other people! Who but a people believing in the "loving your enemy" idea could for years have stood a veritable German colony in our dear country? Who but such a people could allow every street in the City to be plastered with German names, with German interests, with German firms? And who but such a people could have allowed our own homes to be deluged with German products from year's beginning to year's end? Who, indeed?

Responsibility of the Clergy.

That our clergy have been responsible in some measure for breeding these opinions in our minds there is no shadow of doubt. For years they have been preaching and squabbling about petty, unimportant things, about divorce laws, about the right "faith" to possess; for years they have been speaking politically from platforms on a lot of nonsense; for years they have been bemoaning the expenditure of money on armaments. And you know how they rejoiced when their friend Haldane reduced the Army!

Still, it's no use looking back. What we have now to do is to look forward and shape our opinions to the new state of things. And may we not hope that one of the greatest changes of opinion will be in the direction of a newer and a sounder basis of religion—a religion that will give true spiritual help when wanted?

CARRY ON!

KEEP THE OLD FLAG FLYING.

By Norman Tiptaft.

I heard the other day of a farmer who has four labourers left. The youngest is 71, the oldest 78. All his other men have joined the colours.

What do you think he is doing? Cursing the Kaiser, railing against the recruiting authorities, living on his capital? Not a bit of it. He is just carrying on as well as he can. Keeping things going, so that when the war is over there will be a job for every man who has left him to come back to.

What that farmer is doing is being done by the best business men everywhere. Men are still wanted for the Army; men are still likely to be wanted; somehow or other business must be carried on without them. It is admittedly difficult, it is admittedly inconvenient, but it can be done. It *is* being done. One of the great discoveries of the war is the amount of time we have wasted in the past, the number of men we have employed unnecessarily.

Utilising Labour-Saving Devices.

We have been asleep for half-a-century. Many of us were running our businesses as if there were no such things as telephones, motor transport, quick-filing systems. We used to reckon that if it did for our fathers and their fathers before them, it was good enough for us. One of the big advertising features of several businesses was that they were established 50, 100, 200 years. Any man who is proud that his family has had to work so long to make a living ought to be shot. No business is better for being old-established; you want live men and women—not dead ones.

The war has altered all that. People who thought the only thing they could do was something connected with the fine arts have found themselves making shells in a factory. Jewellers have become engineers, and piano-tuners are running motor works. The village grocer who has had 10,000 soldiers dumped on his door-step, and whose assistants have gone to the front, has got his wife and the maid-of-all-work to help him, and become an Army contractor. Old-age pensioners have found their youth again, and are running round like two-year-olds, while the idle rich have at last found a job.

Everybody is "carrying on." Everybody is having difficulties, but everyone is finding, too, that the difficulties are not as great, nor the jobs nearly as hard, as they thought they would be.

Stick It!

If prices are rising—put your income up. If you can't get labour—do a bit more yourself. You never work even now as hard and as long as your great grandfather did, and you are more capable than he was. Beside, you have only got to carry on a bit longer than Germany to win such a victory as will make the peace of the world secure for a generation to come. The side that will win this war is not the one that grumbles most about its Government, its taxes, its difficulties, but the one that just grits its teeth and hangs on.

You never heard of a man in the trenches who, when half his mates were knocked over, wrote to the papers on the impossibility of carrying on. For one thing, he was always too busy doing it to listen to those people who could demonstrate its impossibility. If they can do it out yonder—in the Balkans, in Flanders, in the North Sea, why can't we do it here? We are the same people. *We can.*

Carry on!

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

The taxi-driver's attitude
Towards his would-be fares
Is sometimes really rather rude:
Why should he put on airs?

Lloyd George, fed up with "Wait and See,"
Has Asquith in his grip,
And shoves him on determinedly
To take the hated dip.

The weather notwithstanding, New
Year's Eve this time has been,
In consequence of lack of "dew,"
The "driest" ever seen.

Ferdi may flap and crow awhile,
And proudly strut and bend,
But all his bluster and his guile
Won't help him in the end.

Congratulations to the *Times*
Upon its great "collection,"
Which, notwithstanding Northcliffe "crimes"
Moves in the right direction.

The kite the artful Germans flew
Has proved of no avail;
Its failure probably is due
To its defective tail.

A POST-OFFICE PLAINT.

REFUSAL TO REMEDY ITS OWN ERRORS.

A son, one of three soldier boys, wrote to his father in Glasgow that he had be n granted leave p eparatory to departing on active service. The father wired him £ f r his fare home, on a Wednesday. Next Monday a letter came from the boy asking why no money had b en sent. The previous wire was "repeated" at the post-office, but, as nothing resulted, another £2 was forwarded by registered post, and a telegram went al o. No reply coming by Tuesday, after waiting till 5 p.m. the anxious, worried father telegraphed particulars to Earl Kitchener, with reply prepaid, and begged that the pass might be granted to his son, even though the boy could not show that he possessed his railway fare, for such had been the stipulation. That wire was sent because of the distress of the mother, who wanted so passionately to see her lad before he went away, and Lord Kitchener's prompt reply in acquiescence has earned our friend's deepest and most heartfelt thanks.

But he is dreadfully annoyed with the G.P.O., and we cannot blame him. Through their errors, he was obliged to spend 6s. 7½d., and they offer him a frigid 3s. 8d.—which he refuses to accept. They will not pay him for his wire to Lord Kitchener, yet we think that father of three soldier sons was justified in appealing to Cæsar when the G.P.O. failed him.

TICKETS.

The German, when the war began,
Cried "Hoch!" with all his might,
And hoch'd each day because it bucked
His nerves up for the fight;
The first time he was looking blue
Was when they came and said,
"You'll have to have a ticket now,
To draw your daily bread."

Now, when he got that daily bread
It was not very sweet,
'Twas made of green potato stuff
And scarcely fit to eat;
Yet still he crowed, "I gets mein pork!"
But grief was nigh complete
When someone snapped, "Your ticket, please,
Or you may draw no meat!"

Poor Hans at that began to think
The things he dared not utter;
A ticket next he had to get
Before he drew his butter.
The last I heard of him is that,
Quite pale and thin as death,
He's waiting for a ticket that
Permits him draw his breath!

RICHARD MORTON.

Do it now! Fill up coupon on page ii of cover.

THE BISHOP'S BLEAT.

GERMAN RECTOR AND ENGLISH PRELATE.

The Bishops of the Church of England have rightly incurred some criticism because of the way in which they have hindered recruiting among single and eligible curates.

It is interesting, therefore, to turn to the strange case of Menachem Niphdeh Waldo, of Linkenholt, a charming village on the North Downs, some nine miles north of Hurstbourne Station, in Hampshire.

The patronage (or right to appoint an incumbent) is vested in the Bishop of Winchester. This right, which should be regarded as a solemn trust, has been actually used to induct an unnaturalised German as Rector of a British village.

A CHURCH OF ENGLAND RECTOR.

The people of Hampshire are second to none in their patriotism, and their disgust in seeing a Hun placed over them in the House of God can be better imagined than described. It would certainly seem that a slaughter-house is more suitable for a German rector than a House of Prayer. The Bishop, however, is not content with *straffing* patriotic British clergy who wish to serve their country, and allowing a Hun rector to enjoy a benefice whilst thousands of British curates are without preferment. In addition to this, he makes a bitter attack on the men who are making the shells that will blow the Huns to blazes.

In a recent pastoral letter he says: "Where do the big profits, big wages, big rents for billets go? More is being spent on luxury and personal indulgence than ever before, such as dress and pianos, not by the few wealthy, but by great numbers in different classes to whom this is just a good time. Drink in some quarters, amusement in others, are consuming a great deal."

The present allowance for billeting soldiers is 2s. 6d. for the first man, and 2s. 3d. for every other man, per day. The Bishop has frequently stated that he finds a difficulty in living on his official salary of £6,500 a year, and two free palaces, so we fancy *he* would not make much profit on billeting soldiers at the current rate. It is true that Church defenders state that, after allowing for expenses, his £6,500 a year is not really more than a trifle of £5,000, but then there are the free palaces. Could he not close one of them and live in the other, or let them both and live in a modest villa? Farnham Castle (his chief residence) is surrounded with a large deer park, and its gardens and appointments are in the most palatial style. In fact, it is stated that when Queen Elizabeth was staying with the then Bishop at this very palace, she said, "My Lord, I leave my house and come to your palace!" Then, again, it would be a good example to the people if his deer park were ploughed up and planted with corn, and when several Cabinet Ministers (who have a hundredfold more work and responsibility than any Bishop) are offering to do without their £5,000 a year, it is time the Bishop gave up about £4,000 out of his £6,500. And perhaps the Dean of Winchester could manage on less than £1,000, and some of the Canons (who receive £500 a year for preaching a few sermons per annum in the Cathedral, and take good care to have fat livings as well) might try to exist on a trifle less.

PIANOS AND PALACES.

Example is better than precept, and the working man is not likely to do without his piano so long as a Bishop receives £6,500 a year for working a less number of hours per month than he puts in in a week.

The statement that "this is just a good time" to the workman is a cruel libel on the poor. All of them are working harder than ever before, many have to mourn the loss of their nearest and dearest, and all have to pay famine prices for their food. Such a slander would be wicked from any source, but when it comes from a man who is wallowing in wealth and security, and has done his utmost to keep healthy single shirkers who wear a clerical collar out of the firing line, then it can only be described as infamous.

FROM STRUMPF TO STRONG.

GERMAN GOODS "APPROVED BY THE GOVERNMENT."

It is one of the common tricks of the wily Teuton trader to christen his goods with a British name, and to beguile British buyers with labels that will appeal to their patriotism. A remarkable instance of this commercial cunning is furnished by an article daringly described as "The Little Kitchener," being a "Solid Fuel Pocket Stove" which has, it is alleged, been "Approved by the Government." If the British Government has approved the thing, it seems a pity—for at the head of the "Little Kitchener Co.," of 11-13, Gilbert Street, London, W.C., who sell these "Little Kitcheners," is a German gentleman originally named Jakob Strumpf, but now trading as J. Strong.

Strumpf, or Strong, is not even a naturalised alien, but remains an "enemy alien." We understand that he holds a permit from Sir John Simon, and that may account for the fact that he is at liberty, instead of decorating an internment camp. He is an undischarged bankrupt into the bargain, and it is therefore in connection with a Limited Liability Company—Quadruplex Ltd.—that he trades in this country, manufactures his Solid Fuel Pocket Stoves for sale to soldiers who are fighting his countrymen, receives "Government approval," and is, we believe, engaged in Government work. We learn that in the exercise of these labours he is able to obtain access to various Government Departments and to our military camps.

Whatever the feelings of Mr. Strumpf-Strong may be towards this country and its interests, it is unfortunate that a man of his birth should be in touch with any military matters or Government affairs. We do not suggest for one moment that he would be liable to make misuse of any knowledge or information acquired by him; we only point out how injudicious it is to allow any enemy alien, naturalised or not, to be in a position to obtain such knowledge. We are bound to admire the commercial smartness of a German gentleman trading in "Little Kitcheners," but we fail utterly to see why he should receive Government support and approval. The British dealer is surely entitled to prior consideration.

THE PAPER MAN ON THE CORNER.

A TASTE OF PRISON FOR EMPLOYING HIS SON.

Up at five in the morning, and selling newspapers until evening time at the corner of Tottenham Court Road and Euston Road, Henry Tasker does not find life any too easy. However, he has kept his end up for something like 26 years at the same familiar corner, so his character must be good. The other day he felt rather tired, so he got his small son, aged 13—one of a family of seven youngsters—to mind his papers while he went home to get a bit of dinner. And then the mischief commenced. Up came an Inspector belonging to the L.C.C. Small boy John, being questioned, told truthfully his age, and said he attended Lancing Street School. It was very shortly afterwards that the father received a summons for employing a boy under age, his attendance in answer thereto being desired at the Police Court in Marlborough Street. The poor newspaper man was actually fined 40s. and costs, or 21 days. The mention of such a sum was like a hideous mockery to him, and he begged for time to raise the amount. It was sternly refused, and, after being detained in Court during the day, he was removed to Pentonville Gaol. Five days the poor fellow spent there before his wife had the good fortune to borrow the money, when at length this law-abiding, decent citizen was permitted to shake the prison dust from his feet.

Henry Tasker, who committed the enormity of getting his son to guard his established selling-stand during a dinner interval, has to pay back the loan that bought his freedom, with interest also, at the rate of 2s. 10d. every Sunday. He has seven kiddies to feed and clothe.

You've missed a treat in missing "Everywoman's Weekly."

HOW HASU HAS YOU.

A MYSTIC MOUNTEBANK OF MAIDA VALE.

Hashu runs what he calls the Universal Observatory of Psychic Research, at 91, Maida Vale, London. He is liable to get hold of your name and address; if so, he will become decidedly familiar on the instant, and you may find yourself in the state of wonderment shown by a correspondent, who asks us, "Can you tell me who this person is who writes these letters to me? I have never written to him in my life!" Yet the artful Hashu has the impudence to address this total stranger as his "Dear Client," and to say, "The interest you have shown in writing for the book is a good sign, and I gather from your handwriting that you are one of the few likely to obtain extreme benefits from a study of the laws of Hypo-Magnetic Attraction." The cool cheek and impertinent presumption of the quackful charlatan who writes the foregoing are quite top-hole. Our correspondent—a barge-master—seems to us to be one of the last men to start fooling around with Magnetic Attractions in Limehouse Reach, or to attempt any Hypnotic Influences with a bargee off Wapping Old Stairs.

A FAMILIAR LETTER WRITER.

Hashu tries hard to catch a flat. In his first letter he offers his full course of lessons, priced at four guineas, for one guinea only, and he hints quite frankly that he will not mind taking it a bit at a time. When this bait failed, he came down, like a Dutch auctioneer, to half-a-guinea, and our friend, should he wait long enough, may find the course offered him for nothing, with a pound of tea or a set of jugs—or mugs—thrown in. "It seems a pity," says the anxious Hashu, "that you have not replied . . . as I have gathered from your handwriting"—which we believe he had never seen—"that you should be deeply interested in these matters."

Let us consider what are "these matters" which Hashu offers broadcast to the hundreds of people who make up his "select few." He claims to have discovered the "Laws and Secrets of Magnetic Force and the Vital Breath." He was led to fathom the Great Secret by what "some people call the Finger of Fate." We should call it the Hand of Hokey-Pokey. It was in the coffin of an old mummy that he found a parchment, and he knew by subtle instinct that he was "on the verge" "as soon as he touched it." He has been trying to "touch" ever since, and we hope he will never get beyond the verge. What he says he discovered was the "Great Secret by which Cleopatra Chained Antony." How are the mighty fallen!—Cleopatra's secret hawked in Maida Vale! Any lady who pays Hashu's fee may "not only gain love, but retain it," and she need "fear no rival." Says the quack, "After carefully studying all the mysterious teaching of this wonderful MSS., the Professor found it to be The Missing Link." So all our evolutionists were wrong in guessing the missing link to be a monkey.

TELLING THE TALE IN THE WEST.

Hashu, who has now become a "professor," will teach you to "tell the actions and thoughts of another." And he presents every student with a "Fakir Mirror"—not fake, or faker, mind you, because "these mirrors are imported direct from the Far East." We should have guessed they came from the near East, say Houndsditch. He is a "simple, unaffected man," and "he does not seek to be a millionaire," so he will not mind us warning others even more simple than he. For he offers too much for his 10s. 6d.; his tale is too strong—he lays it on with a trowel. Any woman paying the money, he says, need not fear old age, can "sway men and women," draw love, become a queen of society, a first-class actress or vocalist, while "the rich and the great will appear flattered at your notice." The male student may become a leader among men, can obtain health, wealth, and happiness, become a rising politician, cure asthma, the drink habit, stammering, blushing, and the nicotine complaint. It is all too good to be true, and it is not true. It is a piece of unblushing bunkum, and we advise all and sundry to avoid the faking "fakir" of Maida Vale.

FIE, FORDHAM!

JUSTICE DISHONOURED AT WEST LONDON COURT.

For a man who deliberately strikes a woman, even under provocation, we have little sympathy, but where charges of a serious nature are preferred and the aid of the Courts invoked, it is essential that convincing proof should be forthcoming. This elementary maxim of jurisprudence we commend to the attention of Mr. E. S. Fordham, the West London Magistrate. Two months' imprisonment "without the option" was the penalty awarded by him to Mr. George Hone, who was said to have assaulted a woman in the course of a recruiting meeting at Hammersmith Broadway. According to the statements of the prosecution, it was the man's elbow which had hit the woman's chest, a circumstance which in itself raised a strong presumption of accident, or at the most of a hasty and unconsidered act. The facts seem to have been that the prisoner, who in conversation with an Army officer had given his reasons for not enlisting, was suspected by the bystanders, although wholly without warrant, of pro-German sympathies, and somewhat severely hustled by a hostile crowd. He endeavoured, as he said, to "break his way out," being probably a little frightened, and, using his elbows for the purpose, had the misfortune to knock against the prosecutrix, who seems to have thrust herself into the thick of the struggle. This was the offence considered by Mr. Fordham to be deserving of two months' imprisonment, involving as an additional punishment the dismissal of the prisoner from the employment of a London Borough Council. Our complaint is not merely that this penalty was grossly excessive, but that the Magistrate appears contemptuously to have brushed aside the evidence tendered by the defence. Strong exception must also be taken to the invitation extended by Mr. Fordham to an Army lieutenant—the same officer who had had an altercation with Hone at the recruiting meeting—to sit with him upon the Bench and apparently to whisper his evidence into the private ear of the Court.

A MAID'S MARTYRDOM.

THREE YEARS' IMPRISONMENT FOR ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

Before the war a young girl, named Ellen Robertson, left her village home in Suffolk to take up a domestic situation in London. She found herself in the employment of two ladies of active political habits, and was inoculated with "advanced" opinions and initiated into the mysteries of the "militant" suffrage campaign. It is suggested that she became a mere tool in the hands of women of greater experience, being implicated in more than one mad escapade, for their part in which her mistresses were ultimately sent to gaol. Fearing a similar fate, and perhaps distracted by the loss of her employment, the poor child seems to have lost her mental balance, and in a moment of despair she is said to have attempted suicide. For this offence, and in view of her "criminal" record, she was brought up for trial at Quarter Sessions and sentenced, "for her own good," to three years' detention in a Borstal Institution—a penalty scarcely distinguishable from an award of penal servitude. Then came the war, and its general amnesty for suffragette prisoners, but no thought seems to have been spared for Ellen Robertson, her alleged attempt at suicide having removed her from the category of political offenders. In vain it was represented to the Home Office authorities that the girl's offence was intimately related to militant excesses, and that she ought in justice to share the benefit of the suffragette truce. Without avail it was pointed out that her assistance was urgently needed at home, her father being ill and her brother—the principal support of the family—having joined the Colours. Ellen Robertson has now suffered two years' detention at the Borstal Institution at Aylesbury, with another twelve months of bitter penance as her prospect for the New Year. Does nobody care?

Let Fortune smile on you. Try "Bullets."

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To His Majesty King George V.

Sir,—Permit me to thank you for your recent inspiring messages to the troops. They had the true ring in them, and I am happy to observe that your Majesty is gradually adopting a more sanguine tone as to the early triumph of the arms of the Allies. May I, with profound respect, venture to suggest that one word from your lips to the Prime Minister and his colleagues, intimating that you look to him and them to see the war through, under the direction of Lord Kitchener, without any further bungling and delay, is now the only thing needed to secure a speedy and triumphant end of the ghastly conflict into which, in an evil moment, your misguided kinsman of Germany plunged the world? And may the New Year be the greatest and most glorious in all your Majesty's reign.

John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith, Prime Minister.

Dear Prime Minister,—Will you kindly read the above letter to the King, and mark and inwardly digest it? To-day the eyes of the Empire are on you and your Ministry. A weary people is watching the drama of Whitehall. You know the rest. In a sentence, the nation looks to you and *Lord Kitchener* to see the war through, and to stick at nothing to attain a comprehensive and enduring peace. See to it, sir, that the nation is not disappointed. Then, indeed, you too may look forward to a Happy New Year.

John Bull.

To Lieut.-General Sir Douglas Haig, K.C.B.

Dear Commander,—It is good news that sixteen British aeroplanes recently bombarded the railway station at Commines, while ten others were attacking an aërodrome within the German lines. Such incidents afford a pleasant relief from the general monotony of the situation on the Western front, and I can think of no more appropriate New Year's greeting for a treacherous foe. May I take it that the aerial offensive in France and Flanders now rests definitely with the Allies? If so, I shall expect shortly to hear further from you. More power to all your arms. John Bull.

To General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B.

Dear Sir Ian,—When are we to have your detailed report of the abortive operations at Suvla Bay? You may say I am no great judge of such matters, but I am bound to think its preparation has consumed an inordinate amount of time. I need hardly remind you that your disclosures are keenly awaited by the whole Empire. Are you still "polishing your periods," as our friend Tennant suggested? Hurry up, do!

John Bull.

To Sir Edward Henry, Chief Commissioner, Metropolitan Police, London.

Dear Sir Edward,—It pains my heart to draw your attention to the fact—of course, *entre nous*, so you need not mention it to the Control Board—that the Metropolitan Police canteens are not closing for beer, wines and spirits at 9.30 p.m. weekdays and 9 p.m. on Sundays. Of course, I know a policeman cannot arrest himself for being on the premises after licensed hours—or, at any rate, there is very little chance of his doing it while you are not looking and the Control Board does not wish to see; and not for worlds would I deprive a poor policeman of his well-earned beer, and so far as I am concerned, the canteens may keep open all day and all night; but—whispering strictly as a temperance advocate—isn't it just as likely that a policeman who fills the flowing bowl during prohibited hours will hamper strategical operations at the Front and impede the output of munitions as much as any other "citizen of no mean city"? John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. Lord Charles Beresford.

Dear Lord Charles,—No name in the New Year's Honours List will attract more general interest and approval than your own. You have well earned your "promotion," though personally I regret your departure from the House of Commons, where, in these days, you are sorely needed. A happy eventide, however, be yours in the Gilded Chamber.

John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir John Simon, K.C., M.P.

Dear Sir John,—What can be the matter with you? Formerly we were wont to regard you as a paragon of good sense and practical wisdom, but lately you seem to have got quite a number of troublesome bees in your wig. What a trial to us you lawyers are! Do pull yourself together, there's a good chap—or get out altogether.

John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. H. J. Tennant, M.P., Under-Secretary for War.

My Dear Tennant,—You have improved wonderfully since you used to sit in solemn silence near me—but don't get swollen head. That is the danger with all mediocre politicians who are pushed into office. Continue to be the nice, polite little man you were when you first squeezed in between the big chaps on the Treasury Bench. Don't try to be clever or pert in your answers. Leave that for the smarter men. Believe me, we shall all think more of you if you do your modest duties with modesty. An Under-Secretary for War is a useful person for parliamentary donkey work. But remember—he *is* "Under-Secretary," and even your big brother-in-law cannot help you when you make yourself look foolish. John Bull.

To the Right Rev. F. E. Ridgeway, D.D., Bishop of Salisbury.

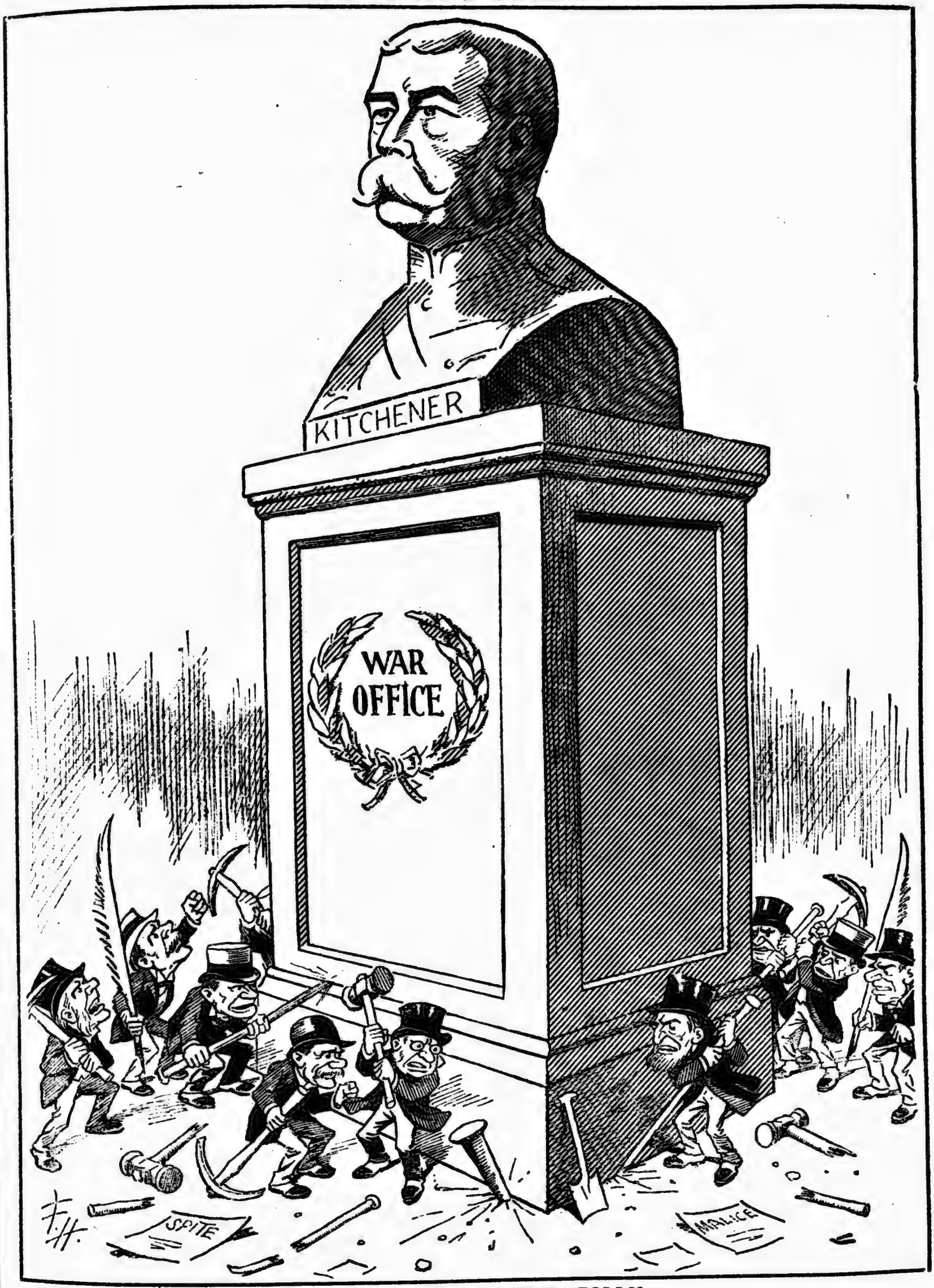
My Lord Bishop,—I see you have been trying to explain away, or at least to justify, your ban upon the enlistment of the younger clergy, but you do not seem to have mended matters much. "If the clergy desire to assist as combatants in the operations of the war," you say, "they must do so without my consent"—and this because you think the consent of the Church to the recruitment of its clergy "would lower it in the eyes of the people." With great respect, I assure you that you have made a profound mistake. If ever the Church of England is despised it will be because its ministers have forgotten their manhood in the preoccupations of priesthood, and failed to take their part in the common life of the nation. John Bull.

To the Editor of the "Daily Star," Saskatoon, Canada.

Dear Editor,—Though even in your own country I don't suppose you amount to a cent's worth of doughnuts, one of my readers has sent me a cutting from your screed entitled "Unbalanced Criticism in England," and what I have to say about it is that if there is any criticism in England more unbalanced than your own there must be more British editors falling over themselves that I have noticed. To come to the meat, you allege that "Several days ago the newspapers of Canada were treated to an outburst from Horatio Bottomley, ex-M.P. for Hackney, who achieved the very zenith of absurdity when he solemnly called upon Premier Asquith to recall Lord Kitchener and backed up his ludicrous appeal with a threat that if the Bottomlevian appeal was not listened to he would arouse all England." As I am anxious to preserve the amenities of the occasion, do you mind my saying that this statement is a thundering lie, and do you mind telling that to your little audience in your Saskatoon backyard; and because it is a thundering lie, do you mind apologising in a grovelling attitude and a tone of humility? The ex-M.P. for Hackney has never called upon the Premier, solemnly or otherwise, to recall Lord Kitchener—although he may occasionally have "aroused all England." Hoping you have had a horrible Christmas and will have a worse New Year. John Bull.

Letter-writing is a Pleasure with a "John Bull" Pen.

A FIXTURE.



THE FOOLS AND THEIR FOLLY.

OUR NEEDED WARNING.

SECURITY SNATCHER GETS HIS DESERTS AT LAST.

As long ago as August 10th, 1912, we had something to say regarding a man bearing the mellifluous name of Melfi, who, trading as the Mayfair Manufacturing Company, of Glasshouse Street, W., advertised for ladies to take charge of an office. £25 had to be lodged with Mr. Edmund Melfi, the successful applicant being promised for her unskilled and not unduly prolonged labours the sum of 25s. a week.

As a guide to persons who might be disposed to part with money to obtain so tempting a berth, we gave the result of certain inquiries we had made at the Company's premises, which turned out to be a couple of rooms stocked with bottles of hair-wash and empty pill-boxes. A third apartment in the same building was the scene of another of Mr. Melfi's enterprises, the "Good-fellowship League," that versatile gentleman, as "Administrator," inviting subscriptions to carry out its aims, sententiously described as "to reason in a spirit of fraternal love on all religious subjects."

That the note of caution which we struck was needed was very soon proved—for shortly after the appearance of our article Mr. Melfi sought, perforce, fresh fields and pastures new, and it was not until quite recently that the police were able to execute a warrant which had been taken out against him, charging him with defrauding five women of money they had entrusted to him as "security." At the police court he had the audacity to attribute his failure to return these amounts to our article having prevented his obtaining further sums from young lady assistants, out of which he could have repaid the importunate and wide-awake victims! However, the Magistrate had no difficulty in finding him guilty, and inflicted the sharp sentence of nine months' imprisonment, to be followed by deportation—it appearing, as his name suggests, that Melfi is an alien. This salutary punishment, coming so soon after the heavy sentence passed upon Glenville—whom we also exposed—may induce some of the despicable rascals who trade upon women to turn over a fresh leaf for the New Year.

HUMBLE HEROISM.

A WAR-TIME STUDY IN LIGHT AND SHADE.

Amazing grandeur and astonishing pettiness are made evident in war-time. Somewhere down in the country there was a poor widow—she was one of hundreds such—who at the call of the bugles gave up her all, loyally and without murmur of complaint. Her eldest son, the main support of the household, joined the Colours with the first batch of volunteers, being followed a little later by his younger brother, a lad of 17. At home there was a boy of school age, and for some time the widowed mother contrived to keep things going as usual but boots and clothing will not readily adapt themselves to war-emergencies, and soon the ugly spectre of want appeared. Then the widow transgressed the law. She sent her 13-year-old son fruit-picking for a fortnight, in the hope that his earnings might stave off the day of privation. For such "crimes" there is short shrift, however, and before long the widow was summoned to the local police-court in respect of her child's non-attendance at school. A fine of five shillings was imposed, and, the money not being immediately forthcoming, a distress warrant was issued, with the blunt intimation that unless it were fully satisfied the widow must go to gaol. Just in time a remittance came from one of the soldier sons. The story is complete. Enough here, it may be thought, to embitter the stoutest heart and to warp the sturdiest patriotism. But this widowed mother is a British woman. "I would give every son I possess for our country," she says. After what has happened, there is something almost sublime in this utterance. Perhaps it was all a mistake on the part of the officials and Magistrates, with stones where their hearts should be.

HOLY HUNS.

A NEST OF STRANGE BIRDS.

In our issue of June 5th we made some reference to the tragic death of an Irish priest, an inmate of the Moyne Park Hospital for Infirm Clergymen, a Roman Catholic institution near Tuam, Co. Galway. It seemed probable that the man had committed suicide, and at the Galway Assizes earlier in the year the Rev. Paul Burrus, Principal of the Moyne Park establishment, was tried and acquitted upon a charge of "disposing of the body with intent to avoid the holding of an inquest." Commenting upon the whole affair, we ventured to suggest that "if it should seem desirable in the public interest to close down the Moyne Park retreat, to disband its inmates, and to curtail the activities of the Rev. Paul Burrus, these adjustments might be effected without prejudice to the cause of pure philanthropy or of true religion." We are now prepared to go a little further, and to assert that the Moyne Park Hospital shelters a group of aliens whose title to the asylum of our shores should be searchingly examined. Unless he has taken steps to divest himself of his original nationality, the Rev. Paul Burrus, who was born in Alsace, is a German subject; while, apparently, not a single member of the staff is of British birth. Upon this point we are enabled to adduce the testimony of an inmate of the Hospital, written not for publication, but in the course of private correspondence. Says he:—

> By the way, we have been expecting that this place would be closed up as it is owned and ruled by a foreign religious order. There are three or four nationalities here—none of them British—French, Belgians, Italians, Germans, Alsatians, and Austrians; at least one German, one Alsatian, and one Austrian. Isn't it strange they are not interned?

Upon the whole we are inclined to agree with the writer that "it is outrageous that British subjects in the British Isles should still be governed by these aliens."

WORK, WAGES AND WANT.

SCROOGE SECOND TO SOME SCOTCH STOCKBROKERS.

"Lead us not into temptation." The comments of Sheriff Scott Moncrieff in the embezzlement case of James Hunter, at Glasgow, does not surprise us. Hunter had been employed for sixteen years by James Kirkwood and Son, stockbrokers, 75, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow—the partners (to advertise them fully) being Mr. James Kirkwood, Carling Lodge, Broxholm; Mr. James Kirkwood, jun., 41, Queensborough Gardens; and Mr. J. A. Kirkwood, Carling Lodge, Broxholm. On two separate occasions Hunter had altered cheques of the firm, obtained the signature of one of his employers to them, and as a result put about £200 into his own pocket. There is no excuse for that; there *is* some palliation. He was clerk and cashier, and the firm of Kirkwood before the war paid him a wage of £7 10s. a month. On the outbreak of hostilities they promptly reduced this not very exorbitant wage by half; and though subsequently they increased the amount to £5 a month it was disgracefully inadequate for the maintenance of the man's wife and family even at the standard of living which, after all those years of service, he had been encouraged by Messrs. Kirkwood's £7 10s. a month to maintain. It was in the midst of financial difficulties thus thrust suddenly upon him that Hunter committed his two offences. Had Messrs. Kirkwood behaved to him with the decency of appreciative employers, he might to this day have remained an honest man. They did not do so. They screwed him down to the necessity of supporting his wife and family on a pittance which might have shamed a Scrooge. "It is extraordinary," said the Sheriff, in sending Hunter to gaol for four months, "that a man in so responsible a position should have received such a miserable wage." So obvious is the comment that we think the Sheriff would have been amply justified in passing a lighter sentence if he could, but we do not know what is the Scots law on the matter.

Once more we ask you to turn to page ii of cover.

MRS. MALAPROP-BROWN ON THE SITUATION.

My Dear Friends,—It's so long since I wrote you last that I dessay some of you have forgotten me. Had the times remained Norman I should perhaps have let it go at that. But the present saturation is so sirius that I feel propelled to give compression to some of my thoughts and felines. What worries me as much as anything is the transparent failure of Lord Darby's Skim—you know, the Croup Cistern. It seems certain now that we must have Constriction. And once we get *that* there is no knowing how it will end. True, Mr. Malaprop-Brown, my husband, is well over millinery age—as at present fixed. But who is to say but that it will be raised higher and higher as the need arises, and that before long we shall have men of 50 called to the collars? That would mean that I should lose Mr. Malaprop-Brown. Looking very much younger than his years, he tried, much against my witches, to get detested. He swore he would no longer walk about the streets without a khaki omelette. I pleated with him in vein. It was no good. First of all he underwent a medical contamination by our own doctor, who denounced him as fit as could be expectorated, considering his habits, which, I take it, was a hint that he would be none the worse for a little less whisky. So round he went to the Recruiting Office to be sworn in. But when he stated his age he was ordered off the premises, and warned that if he attempted to get detested anywhere else he would be liable to persecution. I told him it was no less than could be expectorated, and that he ought to be pleased.

"How could a man of your weight and shape stand the rude marches?" I asked him. "Try to imagine yourself in the drenches," I said. "Suppose you had been barked on a droop ship and sent out to the Rolypoly Peninsular," I said. "Besides," I addled, "you know absolutely nothing about millinery manurers, and would have been more of a help than a hindrance to the Army."

He was very much compressed in spirit for a time, but since the prospect of Constriction has arisen, he is as cheerful as can be.

"I shall be allowed to do my bit, after all," he said at breakfast only this morning. "I hope I shall be sent to the East. I'm as keen as mustard on seeing Sal Onica."

"You and your Sal Onica, the hussy!" I said. "Who is *she* when she's at home, pray? Now I can see through your little game. It isn't simply patriotism that makes you so anxious to leave the home and me after twenty-five years of marred life, but to go gallivanting about with Sal Somebody. Sal! What a name! I should be ashamed, that I should!"

Of course, he burst out laughing, which is one of his most irrigating habits.

"Sal Onica is a place, not a girl," he said.

"Don't tell me!" I retortled. "I know what you men are." Which for some reason made him laugh more than heifer.

"But it's a place in grease," he said.

"You and your Sals and your grease!" I said sconefully. "At your age you should be thinking of more sirius things. If the millinery authorities allow *you* to enlist, or to be detested, whichever it is, Croup Cistern or no Croup Cistern, I shall see Lord Darby himself, and Joan too if necessary, and tell him what I think of him and his Skim!"

And then he had the imprudence to tell me I was the sort of woman who made men slackers!

Now you will understand how it is I am wading in strepidation to learn the derision of the Government. If they should settle upon Constriction, or Propulsion, the young, unmarred men who have held bag will be to blame. That Mr. Malaprop-Brown is determined to do his bit if he gets half a chance is quite oblivious. He cannot have the same defection for me that he had of old, else he would not for one moment condemnplate leaving me. I wish some hairman would drop a boom on the German Geyser, and thus put a stop to the war and the terriers of.—Yours fatefully,

Matilda Malaprop-Brown.

"MY TURKEY!"

A reader who has won and enjoyed one of John Bull's Prize Christmas Turkeys in our "Bullets Competition," has burst forth into verse (or worse) and sends us the following:—

Last fortnight, down the stairs I passed,
As Friday's sun was rising fast,
And grabbed a note with strange device,
Just brought by post, with news so nice—
"My Turkey!"

"You've been awarded," John Bull wrote,
"A prize for Christmas table-d'hôte;
We're glad you've won a handsome prize—
A fine fat bird to gormandize—
A Turkey."

"O stay!" my helpmate said, "and rest
Your weary head—you look distressed."
"I'm not," I said, "I'm jolly glad,
I've won, I tell you—Oh, Bedad!
A Turkey."

One morn the carrier staggering bore
A load of eighteen pounds and more,
He brought it to my humble door,
And said, "Sign number thirty-four!"
"My Turkey!"

"Beware you do not have a fit,
Because a prize you've won by wit!"
That was my helpmate's last good-night;
I shouted out in glee, "All right!
My Turkey!"

* * * * *

Our Christmas dinner was a feast,
Each diner's girth was much increased;
But what we all enjoyed the most
Was—may I say it without boast?—
"My Turkey!"

There in the dish, at close of day,
Chopped up, but beautiful, it lay;
"Take it away," I said with sighs,
"All that remains of John Bull's prize—
"My Turkey!" E. H. G.

PRINTERS' PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Eastbourne Gazette" (advertisement):—
"Devonshire Park Theatre: Pantomime, 'Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp.' Full London chorus of LADIES (ALL OVER MILITARY AGE)."

"Daily Sketch":—
"Sir Charles Monro gives great credit for this skilfully conducted transfer of forces to the GENERALS commanding the Royal Navy."

"Essex and Halstead Times":—
"The Infectious Diseases Hospital at Colchester HAS BEEN APPOINTED TO THE VICARAGE of Hurst Green, Etchingham, Sussex."

"Meat Trades' Journal" (advertisement):—
"Refrigerating Machines on the Safety Carbonic Anhydride System OMIT no objectionable fumes."

"Evening Telegraph" (Dublin):—
"A second Christmas HAPPILY finds us not at Peace, but at War."

"Boys' Friend":—
"Carl Schwartz said NO MORE. He let fly A VOLLEY OF OATHS."

"Daily Malta Chronicle" (advertisement):—
"To Let: Board residence, overlooking Grand Harbour, for a SINGLE GENTLEMAN with ENGLISH FAMILY. Apply ——"

There is £1,000 waiting for you in our Football Competition.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind: but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

We take the opportunity of thanking our readers for their support of this Fund during the past twelve months. Their bounty has brought comfort to numerous homes, and lightened many dark places. The distress relieved has frequently been of a dire character; the hungry have been fed, the naked clothed, and even the dead buried. In particular we would thank the men of the Fleet, who continue to show that generosity and kind-heartedness that are proverbially part of the Blue-jacket's nature. This support by our sea-service men is never failing, notwithstanding that applications from the wives and dependents of our sailors are comparatively rare. The Senior Service has done well, and perhaps it is owing to the strenuousness of his training that Tommy has not time to think of the great assistance our Fund is to the families of soldiers. We are obliged to several military correspondents who suggested to us that the men of the various regiments might annually allocate to the Fund a portion of one day's pay; but though we think the idea an excellent one, we make no appeal of the kind, leaving the matter to the voluntary generosity of the soldiers.

A wounded soldier, writing from hospital, tells us a very pathetic story. His wife died a short time ago, and left the three children in charge of her mother, who finds it very difficult to feed and clothe the little ones on the small allowance she receives on their behalf. The father was unable to help, and in his dilemma applied to us, and not in vain.

A soldier wrote on behalf of his poor old mother, who he was afraid would not be able to get a Christmas dinner. We saw that the old lady did not go short during the season of good will.

A soldier trained for nearly a year, and volunteered for inoculation when he was told off for a draft for the front. Very soon afterwards he became ill, developing epileptic fits among other distressing symptoms, and was turned out of the Service in a very cheap, shoddy suit, but with no overcoat and only a few shillings. Through the night he had to tramp a considerable distance to his home, arriving at 4.30 on a rainy Sunday morning—to be greeted by his wife and three young children, who were in a condition bordering on starvation. Of course the woman's allowance had been stopped. To add to their troubles, two of the children are in bad health and the other is only just recovering from a serious illness. We naturally came to their assistance.

Another man discharged from the Army through medical unfitness found himself awkwardly placed through not receiving his discharge papers, or obtaining a settlement of accounts. This poor fellow, too, has a wife and family to support, and we were glad to give him some little assistance.

A widow gave four sons to the Navy, one of whom was lost on a Government ship that recently foundered off the Irish coast. She was left with three young children on her hands, with only 17s. a week to keep the home going. She was being dunned by tradespeople for small sums until she wrote to us.

During the week we helped the usual bevy of men discharged from the Army on medical grounds, some of them in uniform—which, of course, prevents them from obtaining employment—and few of them with more than two coppers to rub together. In most of the cases there were families to support, and the unfortunate fellows could get from their Paymasters none of the money due to them. We have several times commented on this scandal, and are now given as an official explanation that the Paymasters have to await the convenience of the hospital officials, who, of course, have to prepare an account of the men's expenses during treatment. All attempts to move the authorities appear to be hopeless, and we take it that this crying evil will not be remedied until some member of Parliament forgets about the village pump, the closing of public-houses, and other such matters, and raises a first-class row on the floor of the House for the benefit of the poor fellows who are broken in our service.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Mareeba," £25; "Hartlepool Reader," 2s.; G. C., 1s.; F. G. (Victoria), £2; A. M. (Johannesburg), 10s.; "Phthisis," £3; Mrs. B., 2s. 6d.; "Rusaprite," 1s.; "Gus" (Germiston), 10s.; "Enrico," 10s.; S. B., 2s. 6d.; H. R., 5s.; "Bleachfield," £1; A. M. R., 1s.; W. L. A., 5s.; "Eva" (Southport), 2s. 6d.; "Margaret and Alan" (Treeton), 5s.; J. W. A., 5s.; A. H. (Farnboro'), 5s.; "Jack Pot" (Wynberg), £1 5s.; L. P. (parcel); J. A. E., 10s.; L. F. (New York), 11s. 4d.; W. G. R., 1s.; G. E. A., £1; F. G., 6d.; Anon., 1s.; "T.," 1s.; "Crew of s.s. *Edenwood*" (per A. E. C.), 12s. 6d.; H. H. K., 2s. 6d.; W. H., 3s.; J. F. G., 5s.; W. A., 2s. 6d.; "Suffolk Cyclist," 5s.; H. F., £1 1s.; J. F., 5s.; "A Dispatch-Rider's Mother," 2s. 6d.; E. A. W., £2 2s.; W. H. H., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. B., £1; W. R. R., 2s.; "A Soldier's Wife" (Leicester), 2s.; "Collected in the Recruiting Office, Aberdare" (per W. B.), £1; P. C. C., £1; "A Wesleyan Territorial," 1s.; "B.R.E.R.," 5s.; H. B. (Bradford), 2s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "Members of Casualty Branch," B.E.F., 32 francs; "Stubbins," 2s. 6d.; A. B. C., 5s.; Mr. and Mrs. W. & R. W., 6s.; "Yum," 2s. 6d.; "Erik," 3s. 6d.; G. A. (Aldershot), 2s. 6d.; "16 A.B.s and P.O.s H.M.S. *Swiftsure*," £1 10s.; M. B. and M. J. C. (Colombo), £1; W. A. B., 1s.; H. M. R., 1s. 11d.; T. B., 1s. 5d.; G. R. O., 2s. 5d.; F. E. H., 2s. 5d.; G. J., 2s.; R. B., junr., 10s.; J. S., 1s.; J. N. D., 1s. 6d.; A. B., 2s. 6d.; J. M., 1s.; "Kismet," 5s.; "Some Gym. Girls," 12s. 6d.; A. G. (East Ham), 2s.; "Jack Blunt," 2s. 6d.; W. C. (Hongkong), £3; J. H., 2s.; "A Humble Workman," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. McC., 2s.; E. G. M., 2s.; A. C., 1s.; "A Soldier's Wife," 2s. 6d.; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; W. F., 5s.; "Old Parish," 1s.; "A South African Railway Guard" (2nd contribution), 5s.; J. G. (Clapham), 10s.; "Dai Kway," 5s.; W. S. C., 5s.; B. B. (Hanley), 1s.; "Result of Seven Caister-on-Sea Girls' Carol Singing," (per A. W. F.), 31s.; M. A. J., 3s.; M. J., 6d.; F. L. G., 10s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; C. E. M., 1s.

CHRISTMAS POOR FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Gladys and May," 5s.; M. J. M. and M. M. (East Ham), 2s.; W. F. M. (Westminster), 10s.; B. M. (Wednesbury), 5s.; E. M., 10s.; "A Regular Reader of JOHN BULL," 5s.; D. V. W. (Eastleigh), 2s.; "Mac," 2s. 6d.; H. S. M., £1; W. P., 10s.; W. B. (Edinburgh), 2s. 6d.; J. and A. S. (W. Hartlepool), 2s. 6d.; A. G. C. and F. C., 5s.; H. E. C., 1s.; "Gran," 1s.; M. A. and H. R., 2s.; A. N., 2s.; J. B. S. (Methil), 2s.; C. L., 1s.; "Dawson," 2s.; "X.Y.Z.," £1; A. T. (Newcastle), 10s.

We have also received parcels of clothing, books, toys, etc., from the following: "A Peebles Baby," Mrs. C. (Hythe), Mr. R. M. (Honor Oak), "Out of Work Governess," Mrs. R. (Teignmouth), Mrs. W. (Manchester), "A Wellwisher" (Walsall), Mrs. T. (Lewisham), "An Edinboro' Reader," F. S. (Worcester), "Ruby and Marjorie" (Somerset), Mr. G. H. J. (Bowes Park), "Two Cuckoos," Mrs. T. D. (Cropton), E. C. (Birmingham).

Mr. Bottomley strikes home in "Everywoman's Weekly."

JOHN BULL'S

WONDERFUL RECORD DURING 1915

Chartered Accountants' Figures showing the average WEEKLY circulation of "John Bull" during the last Twelve Months.

JANUARY...	940,567	PER WEEK.
FEBRUARY	1,014,654	PER WEEK.
MARCH.....	1,021,212	PER WEEK.
APRIL.....	1,006,934	PER WEEK.
MAY.....	999,197	PER WEEK.
JUNE.....	1,050,670	PER WEEK.
JULY.....	1,130,504	PER WEEK.
AUGUST.....	1,220,641	PER WEEK.
SEPTEMBER	1,291,776	PER WEEK.
OCTOBER...	1,316,570	PER WEEK.
NOVEMBER	1,352,497	PER WEEK.

DECEMBER, PER WEEK:

1,361,086

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS' CERTIFICATE.

67-8, Broad Street Avenue,
New Broad Street, London, E.C.

To the Directors,
"JOHN BULL," LIMITED,
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,

We hereby certify that the average weekly circulation of "John Bull" for the year 1915, as shewn above, is correct, and does not include Free and Voucher copies. The returns from the Trade during the year averaged 9·37 per cent.

Yours faithfully,
EDMONDS, CLOVER & COOK,
Chartered Accountants.

Jan. 1st, 1916.

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

Another Injustice to Ireland!

Will somebody tell us upon what principle the men selected to run the field post office service were chosen? Intelligence can hardly have been the criterion. We have before us the cover of a letter despatched from Ireland to "Capt. ———, 9th Battalion R.I.F., B.E.F." Every recruit knows that that means "9th Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers," but some postal luminary in France returned the letter to the sender with the envelope endorsed "Insufficiently addressed. Full name of regiment required." We wonder if the addle-pated official in question is still in the service.

The Pay Department.

From time to time we have criticised the men who run the Pay Department, and never without reason. We have taken pains recently to survey the whole machine, in order to discover, if possible, why it does not run smoothly. Frankly, no blame seems to lie at the door of the permanent men, who have done wonders in the way of organisation, and are keen to have everything shipshape. In peace time the unit is very small, and is the only one which has no reserve. Since the war broke out, the department has been multiplied a hundredfold, all sorts and conditions of good, bad, and indifferent men—and now "lady superintendents"—being switched on to aid in looking after Tommy's accounts. Time after time the authorities have been asked to erect buildings in which the enormous staffs might be concentrated and controlled. But the bigwigs objected; wherefore the clerks are crowded into little offices here, there, and everywhere, and in some districts supervision is almost impossible. The result is chaos, for which the permanent officers of the department have no responsibility. Until the War Office falls in with the views of the responsible heads we suppose Tommy's accounts will continue to be muddled up here and there, and the scandal upon which we have so often commented will remain unredressed.

Room for the Leper!

We have various kinds of Huns among us, but we have up to the present heard of only one German leper. There was consternation at the military hospital in Dartford when it was announced that the "silver man" was to be located there, within a short distance of the R.A.M.C. mess. But the matter was brought up in Parliament, and other arrangements have been made. Why, we ask, is the man with the loathsome disease kept in this country? Were he an Englishman in Germany, he would be deported in double quick time.

Tommy's "Extras."

We should like to know what benefits the men of the Kent Cyclists' unit are getting out of the 5½d. a day allotted for "extras." Some letters we have received have set us thinking.

"Soft" Sleeping Quarters.

We are glad to say that our recent paragraph in regard to Pennington Camp has had excellent results. We should like to draw the attention of the General Officer in Command to the camp at Witney. If he is pleased with it, he must be about the only person who is. And, too, at Thame the men are sleeping in lorries covered with canvas, the result being that in the wet weather their beds are soaked. There are ample billets in the district. Why are they not used?

A Forsaken Fusilier.

According to Regulations, a soldier leaving hospital on discharge from the institution is supposed to be handed one pound. Unfortunately, however, owing to official laxness the men do not always get this money, and are thrown through the gates to sink or swim. They usually drift to the John Bull Office for help, and it is never denied to them. Here is a case—perhaps the General Officer will investigate it. A man of the 4-4 Royal Fusiliers was sent to the Queen's Hospital, St. James's Park, on December 19th, suffering from gastritis. He was discharged on December 28th without money, being turned out on to the road—his request for funds met with the reply, "Wait until your papers come through." The poor chap was taken in by the Y.M.C.A. people at their Waterloo Road depôt and allowed to sleep on the floor. He came to Long Acre, and we provided him with money. But for our assistance he would have remained sleeping on the floor of the Y.M.C.A. and feeding Heaven knows how until his papers were "put through." If this is the way our nation wishes the soldiers who offer their lives to save her to be treated, God help us!

A Canadian Grouse.

The 9th, 17th, and 43rd Battalions of the Canadians form a Brigade. On Christmas Eve night all men of the 17th and 43rd Battalions who were in the guard room were taken out and pardoned, but the evildoers of the 9th Battalion were kept in durance vile. Some of the boys ask us why this difference of treatment should have been meted out. We cannot answer; they should ask the Commanding Officer.

The Nurses Barred.

There are military hospitals at Bristol, as at most other large places. Several correspondents complain that various entertainments have recently been got up for the benefit of the patients and nursing staff, but the nurses were refused permission to avail themselves of the opportunities for amusement. Perhaps the Commandant of the hospital in question would care to explain.

An Egyptian Plague.

If the numerous letters we have received from the 13th Battalion Notts and Derby Regiment are true, we suggest that the Colonel should order a destructor or a lethal chamber. One of the plagues of Egypt appears to have fallen on the regiment, and we are not surprised to hear that many blankets are missing. The question asked locally is, where have they strolled to? Some of the men suggest that if things go on at the present rate, their kits and blankets should be sent out to fight. Although things of this kind are inevitable on the field of battle, there is no reason why at home our soldiers should be in a worse condition than that of the tramp.

Polish.

The roads out at the front have long since been cut to ribbons. In the wet weather they are mud puddles, in the dry they are as dusty as the Sahara. Yet a circular memorandum has been issued by Major-General Hobbs, complaining that motor-drivers and cyclists who pass lorries throw up dust or mud and soil the vehicles. The motors and cycles are mostly in a hurry, and cannot help raising dust or splashing mud, and we are, therefore, inclined to class Major-General Hobbs' circular Memorandum Number 22 with the idiotic Regulations that penalise men who show a spot of mud on their kits or equipment, even when only just back from the muddy trenches.

Wound Money.

We advise all wounded Territorial officers to make application for their special gratuity. If they don't, they won't get it. That is the way with Government Departments.

Missing.

News is wanted of the following men:—

Pte. T. W. Poulton, 7757, 4th Batt. 3rd Worcesters; Conductor H. W. Smith, 02086, A.O.C. Hqtrs. 162nd Inf. Brigade, B.M.E.F.; Pte. S. Horrocks, 2085, A Co., 1/5 Lancs. Fusrs.; Pte. W. J. Lancaster, 2267, 9th East Surreys; Pte. R. Hunt, 21575, 15th Platoon, D Co., 1st L.O.Y.L.I.; Pte. J. Dearn, 10551, 7th Batt. South Staffs.; Pte. F. L. Cox, 9953, D Co., 1st Batt. The Welsh Regt.; Pte. J. Williams, 2655, 2nd Manchesters; Pte. P. Rogers, 14437, C Co., 12th West Yorks; Pte. J. Hoss, 12440, G Co. 2nd Scots Gds.; Pte. S. Braham, P.S. 118, C Co. Signallers, 19th Battn. R.F., 33rd Division; L/Cpl. J. Craig, 6321, B Co., 9th Black Watch; L/Cpl. H. Oddy, 2nd Batt. K.O.R.L. Rgt.; Cpl. A. M. M. Wilkinson, 5353, B Co., 1st Scots Gds.; Rfn. F. J. Weatherley, 394, 1st Rifle Brigade; Pte. Frances Weban, 8122, 6th The Buffs.; Pte. D. Hazell, 8113, 4th Battn. Rifle Brigade; Pte. A. S. Herbert, 14935, 10 Platoon, C Co., 7th Northants Rgt.; Cpl. D. W. Dixon, 2914, B Co., 12th Batt. Rifle Brigade; Pte. M. Hammel, 2nd Cameron Hdrs.; Sgt. Gilbert Harry, late of Greeners, Haymarket; Pte. J. W. Truswe, 10173, 8th Devonshires; Pte. W. L. Swankie, 667, B Co., 4th Batt., 1st Infantry Bgde., 1st Australian Division; Pte. A. S. Herbert, 14935, 10 Platoon, C Co., 7th Northants Rgt.

Coughs, Chest and Lung Troubles and other Winter Ailments.

Never neglect a cold, especially with cough. No need to pay fancy prices for small bottles of medicine. Doctors' prescriptions dispensed post free by a qualified chemist are economical and effective.

As a lung tonic for winter cough, use Formula 617 (see below); children should take Formula 544. For colds and catarrh, use formulae 829 and 1,054.

For These and Other Winter Ailments see prescriptions below:

Huskiness, Sore Nose, Throat, and Chest Tightness of the Chest, Cough. (Formula 331)

Camphor, Opium, Benzoic Acid, of each ¼th grain
Licorice Extract, 2 grains
Aniseed Oil, 1-16th drop
Pine Wood-tar, ½ grain
Creosote, ½ drop.

Makes a good lung tonic for the weak-chested, especially for those recovering from colds, pneumonia, etc., who cannot get rid of their cough, or for those exposed to the weather. Not for children. Price 1/1½ (72) and 1/11 (144).

Stuffiness in the Nose, Loss of Smell, Dry Throat, Cold in Head. (Formula 829.) (Naso-pharyngeal Catarrh.)

Sodium Biborate, 10 parts
Sodium Bi-carbonate, 10 parts
Phenol, 1 part.

Removes the stuffy feeling. 1/1½.

Lung Tonic—Home Made. Formula 617.

Tartarated Antimony, 1 2-3rd grains
Morphia Hydrochloride, 3 2-3rd grains
Menthol, 6 2-3rd grains
Oil of Cloves, 16 2-3rd drops
Oil of Peppermint, 16 2-3rd drops
Fluid Ext. of Ipecacuanha, 20 drops
Vinegar of Squills, 2½ ounces
Chloroform Water to make 3 ounces.

Make 2 pints. Good for aged or Consumptive patients. Will not upset the stomach. 2/- per bottle.

Picture Palace Sore Throat, Loss of Voice, Hawking. (Formula 1,054.) (Pharyngitis and Laryngitis.)

Potassium Chlorate, 1 grain
Lactic Acid, 1 grain
Cocaine Hydroch., 1-50th grain
Paraform, 1-10th grain
Tannin, 1-5th grain
Peppermint, 1-10th drop
Cinnamon, 1-10th drop
Eucalyptus, 1-10th drop
Tablet Base, sufficient.

An excellent tablet for lecturers, teachers, and public speakers. It is antiseptic, astringent, and stimulant. Price 1/1½ (72), 1/11 (144).

TO PREVENT LOSS OF WEIGHT, WEAKNESS, &c., AND "THROW OFF" COLDS.

Loss of Weight, Thinness, Scragginess, Rickets, Nervousness. (Formula 552.) (A Nerve and Flesh Maker.)

Zinc Phosphide, 1-20th grain
Lecithin, 1-5th grain
Calcium Hypoph., 1-5th grain
Soda Hypoph., 3-10th grain
Potas. Hypoph., 3-10th grain
Casein, 1½ grains
Sugar, 1½ grains.

In one tablet. Dose: 1 to 3 tablets. Children may take half tablet. Price 1/1½ (36 tabs.) and 2/8 (144 tabs.).

Nerve Starvation, Rickets, Bloodlessness. Retarded Growth. Threatened Tuberculosis. (Formula 1,063.)

Malt Extract (dried), 2 grains
Red Bone Marrow, ½ grain
Hæmoglobin, 1 grain
Soda Hypophosphite, 1-15th grain
Potas. ,, 1-10th grain
Lime ,, 1-5th grain.

Price 1/1½ (36), 1/11 (72), 3/3 (144).

Drug, Alcohol and Tobacco Victims. (Formula 1,078.)

Quassia Extract, 1 grain
Peppermint Oil, ¼th drop
Sugar Base, sufficient.

With directions. You cannot enjoy either tobacco, alcohol, or drugs with one of these health-giving tablets in your mouth. Stops the craving. Price 1/1½ (72 tabs.), 1/11 (144 tabs.).

Excessive Stoutness, Flabby Limbs, Big Stomach. (Formula 314.)

Extract of Seaweed, 4 grains
Potassium Iodide, ½ grain
Thyroid Gland, ½ grain.

Price 1/1½ (36) and 2/8 (144).

In addition take a saltspoonful of Marienbad salt (formula 616) before breakfast, and massage with oxgall soap (formula 986) in a hot water bath thrice weekly. (These cost 1/1½ each.)

Sick Headache, Pains in the Stomach, Indigestion, Constipation, Liverishness. (Formula 2,009.)

Will relieve bilious attacks, sick headache, and some forms of bowel indigestion. Useful in the home or in the soldier's knapsack.

Barbadoes Aloes, 1 grain
Capsicine, 1-16th grain
Pure Olive Oil Soft Soap, a trace.

Price 1/1½ (144) or 2/9 (432).

Sour Taste, Indigestion, Flatulence and Acidity (Gastric Catarrh.) **(Formula 130.)**

Bismuth Subnitrate, 2 grains
Dried Soda Carbonate, 2 grains
Gingerine, 1-10th grain. In 1 pill.

Removes the feeling of fulness in acid indigestion.

Price 1/1½ (36) and 2/8 (144).

If the indigestion is very painful use formula 15 instead. 1/11 (72 tablets), 3/3 (144 tablets).

Stomach Pains, Fulness, Wind and Constipation (Indigestion.) **Formula 882.**

Pepsin, 7-8th grain
Malt Extract, ½ grain
Diastase, 1-16th grain
Charcoal, 3rd grain
Cascara Extract, 3rd grain.

Price 1/1½ (72) and 1/11 (144).

Depression, Shaky Nerves, Loss of Vigour, Dizziness. (Formula 470.)

Phosphorus, 1-100th grain
Nux Vomica Extract, ¼th grain
Damiana Extract, 2 grains
Lecithin, 1 grain

In one pill. Price 1/7 (36 pills) and 5/8 (144 pills). Acts like magic.

Heart Weakness, Palpitation, Giddiness, Noises in the Head. (Formula 632.)

Digitalis, ½ grain
Nux Vomica Extract, 1-16th grain
Gentian Extract, 1 grain
Dandelion Extract, 1 grain.

Price 1/1½ (36) and 2/8 (144).

Psoriasis, Scaly Eczema, Scurf, Alopecia (Bald Patches). (Formula 850.)

Perchloride of Merc., 8½ grain
Creosote, 18½ drops.
Zinc Ointment, 2 ounces.

To be applied night and morning. Price 1/1½ and 2/8.

Rash, Ulcers, Eruptions, Hard or Soft Sores, Swollen Glands. (Formula 606.) (Deeper Seated Blood Impurities.)

Potas., Soda, Iron, Quinine Mercury Iodides, sufficient
Mercuric Chloride, 1-64th grain
Nux Vomica, ½ grain
Stillingia, ½ grain
Jacaranda ½ grain
Sarsaparilla, a trace.

Price 1/1½ (36), 2/8 (144).

Sallow Complexion, Blackheads, Pimples, Dull Eyes, Eczema. (Complexion Tonic.) **(Formula 442—Improved.)**

Charcoal, ½ grain
Dried Sulph. Iron, ½ grain
Calcium Sulphite, ½ grain
Nux Vomica Ext., 1-16th grain
Gentian Extract, 1 grain.

In one tablet, with directions. Dose: 1 or 2 pills 3 or 4 times a day. Price 1/1½ (72 pills) and 1/11 (144).

Improves health as well as beauty in either men or women.

Kidney Irritation, Gravel, Scalding Stricture (Urethritis, Cystitis, &c.) **(Formula 257.**

Cubebs, ½ grain
Venice Turpentine, ½ grain
Copaiba Balsam, ½ grain
Colchicum Extract, ½ grain
Gravel Nut Root, 1 grain
Podophyllin Root, 1 grain

Possesses germicidal and cooling properties. Used in Prostatitis. Price 1/- (72) and 1/9 (144).

Pains in Limbs and Joints, Stiffness, Swollen Toes and Fingers, Gout. (Rheumatic Arthritis.) **(Formula 74.)**

Colchicum Ext., ½ grain
Blue Pill, 1 grain
Extract Hyoscyamus, 1 grain
Comp. Rhubarb Pill, 1 grain
Methylene Blue, 1-5th grain.

Useful in Gout, Sciatica, etc. Price 1/1½ (72) and 1/11 (144).

I DISPENSE ALL THESE POST FREE.

WILLIAM SHADFORTH, Ph.C.,

Highest Qualification Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.
Simply quote the formula number. Postage abroad extra.
63 (Dept. J.B. 6), GROVE ROAD, BOW, LONDON, E.

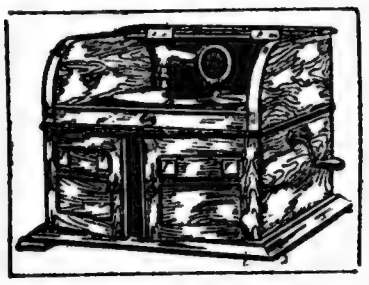
COMPLETE YOUR HOME

WITH A

Pathéphone

THE EVER-READY ENTERTAINER.

Machines from £2-17-0 to 60 Gns.



Natural and True Tone

The ONLY Machine with the Human Voice.

PLAYS WITH A

PERMANENT SAPPHIRE POINT

The Volume of Tone can be Easily Regulated—LOUD, MEDIUM or SOFT

PATHÉ DOUBLE-SIDED DISCS

Price According to Size.

No Fancy Prices for Celebrities.

The World's Best Music by all the Best Artistes.

International Repertoire of Over 50,000 Records.

NO NEEDLES Required

Pathé Records not only last longer than any other make, but are practically unwearable.

Banishes bother and expense of the obsolete method of using Needles.

Complete Catalogues from all High-Class Dealers or Direct.

PATHÉ FRÈRES PATHÉPHONE LTD.

HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

MILKMAID COCOA

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Owing to urgent demands from the War Office for large supplies of Milkmaid Cocoa for the use of the Troops, we are compelled to disappoint our Trade customers until such demands have been satisfied. We therefore ask for the kind indulgence of the public for any delay that may occur in the execution of their orders.

NO ALTERATION IN PRICE

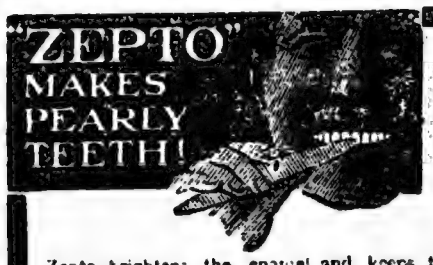
8½d. and 4½d. per tin.

NESTLÉ'S EASTCHEAP, LONDON.

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

Bovril gives strength to Win

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.



If you smoke your teeth are bound to get discoloured. If you will use a Zepto Pencil periodically you can readily remove *all* the discolouration and keep your teeth pearly-white.

Zepto brightens the enamel and keeps the chinks free from tartar which decays your teeth, rendering them unsound and unsightly.

ZEPTO, THE ANTISEPTIC TARTAR REMOVER

Lasts many months—costs but 9d. *Use it always for Dental Plates.*
Of all Chemists and Stores, or post free from T. Christy & Co.

T. M. SMOKERS' TOOTH POWDER is prepared especially to remove all trace of nicotine, and prevent tainted breath. NO other Powder is like it, or so good for the purpose.
The best Tooth Powder for All Purposes.

Of all Chemists and Stores 6d. per Tin **or in paste form 1/-** per Tube, or post free from :— THOS. CHRISTY & CO (Dept. J.B.), Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.

WAR WORKERS WANT WRIGLEY'S

SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

5 Bars, 2½d. Confectioners and Chemists.
WRIGLEY'S Ltd., London.

Use It as Milk or Cream

No ordinary milk—buy it where you will—can give you the usefulness, the purity, the reliability, and the economy which Ideal Milk gives you every time, without fail. You can use Ideal Milk either as milk or cream, because it is pure rich milk (*guaranteed* pure), concentrated to the thickness of cream, and merely needs diluting for use as milk.

Ideal Milk

THE EVERYDAY MILK

Cash price, 6½d. and 3½d. per tin. Of all Grocers and Stores.
Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co., 6-8, Eastcheap, E.C.
Contractors to the British Army and Navy.

Start the New Year with the New Lever Self - Filling PEN

—and so end your old pen-troubles.

The New Lever Pocket Self-Filler is the latest model of the world's most famous Fountain Pen. It is the simplest and best Self-Filling Fountain Pen on the market, and is in great demand everywhere. Filled in a moment from any ink supply.

Waterman's Ideal FountainPen

THREE TYPES: For the New Lever Pocket Self-Filling and the Safety Types, 12/6 and upwards.
Regular Type, 10/6 and upwards.
Of Stationers and Jewellers. Booklet free from
L. G. Sloan, The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MA'AME SARAH BERNHARDT.

Good-mornin', madam. . . . Wot can I do fur you? . . . *Give a leetle attention to yore 'air an' favour you with a leetle of my conversation?* With the utmost, madam, if you'll be good enough to ascend to the ladies' saloon. . . . *You 'ave a leetle difficulty in climbin' stairs?* Ah, then 'erlow me to *h*assist you. . . . *That's* it, madam. This way, if you please. . . . W'y, madam, it seems a pity to disturb yore 'air. It's so beautifully erranged thet orlthough I'm reckoned a *h*expert quiffer I wouldn't guarantee to do it as well again. . . . *Not trouble to touch it, then?* W'y, w'ere's the sence o' yore comin' 'ere in thet case? . . . *Oh, you've called more for the sake of enjoyin' my conversation?* Well, thet's very flatterin', madam, but I've got my missus to consider, if you'll excuse me sayin' so. She's of a slightly jealous dispersition, to tell you the trooth, an' if she knew I wos up 'ere simply torkin' to a distinguished-lookin' lady like yoreself, I'm not so shore as she wouldn't make a point of joinin' in the conversation. . . . Wot's thet—*My fame 'as reached Frawnce?* Fency thet, now! *You've come to London es much for the purpose of seein' me as ennythink?* You don't mean ter say so! I shell 'ave to put up my prices if I'm growin' sich a celebrity. . . . Oh, *I'm so quaint*, am I? H'm. And 'oo may you be, madam, if it isn't a rood question? . . . *Wot, Madame Sarah Bernhardt?* Well, I'm blest! An' think o' you takin' the trouble to come and see me! I'm proud to meet you, ma'am! This will not only 'elp to cement the *Onglong*, but turn it into a bloomin' block o' concrete. Although I've never 'ad the pleasure of seein' you act, ma'am, I've followed yore brilliant career with great *h*interest. W'en you met with yore physical misfortune I wos fair upset. But, by gosh, didn't I *h*admire yore pluck w'en you went back to the stage! I didn't think a very great lot of yore countrymen at one time, I don't mind admittin'. I 'ad a day trip to Boolong some years ago, an' lorst orl me spare cash at the Casino, w'ich didn't tend to *h*increase my respect for the French. I told one or two of 'em so at the time. But since the wore my opinion 'as gorn up 'igher an' 'igher. You're made o' the right stuff, an' it seems ter me from wot I've read o' yore life an' work thet you've orlways represented in yoreself, so ter speak, the best spirit of Frawnce. You know—the romance an' passion an' art an' burnin' patriotism of the French people. I believe it's a bloomin' fact that the conduct of yore Armies 'as inspired us to greater sacrifices then we might 'ave bin willin' to undergo, jest as the *sang froyed*, as they say, of our Tommies 'as bin an encouragement for yore troops. . . . *Sweet to 'ear praises of yore beloved people?* So it is, ma'am—speshly w'en you know it's deserved. . . . Well, are you makin' a long stay 'ere, ma'am? *A few months?* Good! I'm as pleased as a dorg with two tails to 'ave seen you, ma'am. In years to come, w'en my nippers say, "Wot did you do in the great wore, Daddy?" I shell be able to say I 'elped to cement the *Onglong* by shakin' 'ands with the greatest livin' Frenchwoman! Good-day, ma'am, good-day! An' thank you fur callin'.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for January 1st, 1916, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 184,232 and A350,496. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

Despite the wind and the rain plenty of people made the journey to Gatwick on Saturday, and the meeting was in every respect a great success. The ring was quite a strong one and prices were not at all pinched. Runners were numerous, and those who desired to back their fancies had every chance of so doing. The Dicker horses did not do quite so well as was anticipated, their three good things in Menlo, Bouton Rouge and Bedgrove each managing to get only third. This was somewhat disappointing, but at the same time shows the horses to be fit and well, and those who backed them each way would show a profit to their money on s.p. returns.

The only tip I care to give for Lingfield is BUNCH O' KEYS. This horse I know to be well and he is racing on his favourite course. The going, too, is sure to be heavy and this is just how he likes it. Visitors will have to make the journey by road, and the minimum charge will be 25s. Of this, 10s. will be returned to those who purchase tickets before 5 o'clock on Thursday. Those who "wait and see" what the weather is like will get no refund.

My "Special" for the Lingfield meeting will be out on Thursday. Orders to ODHAMS LIMITED, 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C., should reach there early with an enclosure of 6d.

I shall be sending out advices for each day at Lingfield. Orders for these must reach me, c.o. JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., early on the day before racing. Those who want Friday's wires must let me have their orders on Thursday, and for Saturday orders must be received on Friday. Charge, for the day, 5s.; for the two days, 8s.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 13.

Three competitors sent in coupons showing only three errors, and so share the £100 prize, each receiving £33 6s. 8d.

JOHN FRASER, 11, George Street, Whiteinch, Glasgow.
B. THOMPSON, 18, Darwin Buildings, Darwin St., Walworth
PATRICK WELSH, 49, Struthers Street, Glasgow.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—
JOHN COCHRANE, Moorfield Place, Kelty, Fife. 025,256. December 11th.
B. SUMMERFIELD, 35, Gladstone Street, Aston, Birmingham. A260,107. December 11th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of January 1st:—

002056	268593	587070	807417	A081891
026468	274030	607381	838797	A139327
029277	305942	651886	847984	A168880
057738	331468	688511	855631	A200936
101685	395625	694004	918937	A243098
161704	405255	702697	964126	A287542
187539	448565	721562	985362	A293207
213068	486492	739214	A023409	A333761
241840	514351	762438	A057481	A368355
262460	554180	773751	A069126	A379777

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published January 12th).

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

Cut out the Coupon opposite.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

Owing to postal pressure and the holiday season, there may be a delay of a few days in the receipt of Pens. In these circumstances, readers are requested to extend their forbearance.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. January 8th, 1916.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

R. V. V.—We agree that the Germans are not worth another British life, but the peace and security of the British Empire are. The sacrifices which you deplore are not being made for Germany but for Britain. "Who dies if England live?"

C. C. W. (Croydon).—"God save the King, Kitchener, Jack Fisher, and John Bull, and damn all traitors" Amen.

J. F. (Bury).—Mr. Bottomley never sat in Parliament as a Conservative member.

"A TERRITORIAL" (B.E.F., France).—We were not aware that a "contemptible feeling" *did* exist between Kitchener's Army and the Territorials. On which side is it—if any?

"A CANADIAN SOLDIER" (Shorncliffe).—"Your Business Government is just the thing." Well, of course.

"LANCE-CORPORAL" (France) says, "We are d——d proud of you because you are such an infectious optimist. Keep it up." We will.

W. T. G., a sergeant now in a Military Hospital, takes exception, as an old Post Office employee, to "The Confessions of a Sorter," which appeared in our issue of December 25th. He advises people that the best way to send their parcels is by express post.

"ENGLISHMAN"—who prefers to remain anonymous—also takes us to task for publishing the recent article by Mr. Maynard McGregor on "The Shirker in Khaki." Oh dear, what trouble we do get into!

J. L. (London).—Sorry we cannot publish the photo of the "London shirker, aged 26, single, who took a ticket to New Zealand" in an attempt to evade military service. We are afraid we could not do justice to his "manly" beauty. We are glad to hear that the authorities have refused to let him go, and that the Steamship Company declines to refund the £25 which he paid for his passage.

R. D. (Heywood).—The National Registration was not applied to Ireland because Mr. Redmond would not allow it. Another injustice to that distressful country!

"DOCKYARDER" (Plymouth) complains that the policemen in Devonport Dockyard fool away their time "yapping with labourers who ought to be looking after their work." They should arrest themselves for loitering, if they can find nothing better to do.

H. R. (Ilkeston).—A girl who gives up her sweetheart because he enlists deserves to go single all the days of her life.

"BETTY" (Wickford).—We are in favour of doubling the dog tax in cases where more than one dog is kept for pleasure. A certain class of pampered, unhealthy, miserable little lapdogs we should like to see taxed out of existence.

F. D. (Luton).—We have tried in vain to extract a glimmer of sense from your remark: "Come the sword in the name of honour, and pierce us in our turn." Anyway, we would rather be pierced in our turn than in our tunic.

J. B. (Glanamman).—On what possible grounds can a groom-gardener expect a War Bonus?

MISS R. P. M. (Carmarthenshire).—Not guilty of "pie"! Those hideous erections you in Wales call "boardings" we down South call "hoardings."

W. F. G. (Palmer's Green, N.).—The government of Cyprus has been administered by Great Britain since 1878, although prior to war being declared between Britain and Turkey, the island actually belonged to the Turkish Empire. Cyprus was recently offered as a sort of belated bribe to Greece, but we understand the offer was refused.

H. C. (Liverpool).—Your arguments against taxing Co-operative Societies' profits are about the weakest ever put before us.

SGT. H. J. B. (B.E.F., France).—You may take it that gold is an English word. The Germans are beginning to find that out, too.

SIR R. H. (London, S.W.).—Your account of the strange reunion of two soldier brothers which you witnessed was most interesting.

"PEDESTRIAN" (Tiverton).—Never mind what your friends tell you. Keep to the right when walking either on the road or sidewalk. Their urging you to keep to the left suggests that they may have an interest in your will.

MRS. H. B. (Kirkstall).—Take no notice of the anti-British lies printed in pro-Hun Yankee newspapers. The writers thereof sell their vile souls for filthy German gold.

J. M. (Hornsey).—"If chapels and churches, why should not the pubs be turned into hospitals for wounded soldiers?" Wait till necessity answers the question.

A. M. T. (Wolverhampton) suggests that we might find the great preacher we lately asked for in one of our lunatic asylums. We think not. We asked for a man of fervent commonsense, not a fanatic.

PTE. F. S. (Plumstead).—JOHN BULL is now rising 10.

"MARIE" (P-culter).—If you will think again you will realise that we cannot possibly say what your *fiancé* is fit for, as we do not know him. Generally speaking, men are fit for what they fit themselves.

"JUSTICE" (Clydebank).—You send us six pages of abuse, and wind up by saying, "Now then, Mr. Bull, be a man and publish this letter." Sorry to disoblige, but if you sent us six pages of flattery we should still decline to print it. Your original methods of spelling would be a sufficient deterrent.

W. H. (Handsworth).—If you know any Insurance Company defrauding Government of "thousands of pounds" by not using receipt stamps, it is your duty to state the facts to the Inland Revenue Department, Somerset House.

"ENQUIRER" (Malacca).—The question of a competition for Overseas readers must be left in abeyance until after the war.

H. N. (Upton Park).—"I know a supposed naturalised Germhun, and whenever you see him he has got a small red flower in the lapel of his coat. Does it denote one of Germhun sympathy?" We give it up. Try us with another one.

J. G. (East Sheen).—Remember that the man had never been in trouble before, and, when the Bench allowed him to enlist instead of sending him to prison, it was a merciful chance for him to redeem his character. Should he "make good" in the Army and serve his country well, you will be pleased to think it ended so.

J. D. B. (Barrow-in-Furness).—If we were to reply to all our correspondents we should have no time to prepare JOHN BULL for the press. We received hundreds of letters on Lord Fisher's resignation. Yours was probably among the ninety-nine which, perforce, had to remain unanswered.

I. R. T. (Falkirk) agrees that we need a great spiritual leader, but says the women of the British Empire want no Mahomet to arise. Right-o! Mahomets are off.

"MIKE."—When you deny the right of private judgment in the interpretation of the Bible, you admit the possibility of error in the Fathers of your Church. Their interpretation of the Scriptures, which, presumably, you accept, was originally the result of private judgment, wasn't it?

T. D. (Barnsbury, N.).—You are talking undiluted nonsense when you say that our sailors get enough practice firing at the enemy without wasting shells on targets.

S. A. R. S. (Sydenham, S.E.).—Alas! it seems there is no power to prevent a Germhun from trading under a British name.

F. E. Y. (Hampstead) asserts that the Woolwich Arsenal authorities are "overtly and covertly discouraging recruiting among their dispensable employees." That so, Mr. Lloyd George?

"ANXIOUS."—Your son, although born in the United States, would be liable under conscription.

"PHONOGRAPHER."—Thanks for the interesting extract from the Christmas number of the *Phonographic Observer*. We are delighted to know that, in addition to being a "sound patriot and politician, and a brilliant journalist," we are also "a good phonographer." That is worth the other lot put together.

The Voice of Reason: Mr. Bottomley in "Everywoman's Weekly."

"TWO SISTERS."—We have had much pleasure in forwarding the 10s. to the poor old hop-picker who was mulct of half her pay, because she left the hopfield to greet her wounded boy on his return home.

"ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT" (Birlen Street, Belfast).—If you will send us the papers, and disclose your name, we will see if it is possible to assist you.

G. F. H. (H.M.S. *Birkenhead*).—You will never be Poet Laureate so long as you try to rhyme "land" with "man." We can hear you supply the missing "d" as you read this.

C. H. F. (Wimbledon).—We have, as you will see, said a few words regarding your message.

S. W. & Co. (Downham).—More of Hansen and Gibb's "three small bales" of packing paper! We must have received about forty bales of the stuff ourselves as readers' samples.

E. C. (S. Newington).—Over and over again you must have seen our advice to the public not to deal with bonus tea companies. Slade, Garrish and Son, 326, Goswell Road, E.C., are in this category.

C. B. (West Bridgford).—Sorry you were diddled by the scamp E. Newbound, professedly of 20, Queen Square, Leeds.

"A MODEL" (Chelsea, S.W.).—The artist to whom you submitted your graces, and who "looked like a devil with his twisted moustache," might have had the decency to pay your fare, having brought you so far, although he decided not to employ you. Now you know that artists who paint angels and such scriptural subjects are made of the same coarse clay as other men.

REM. J. K. (Malta).—What you took for a bit of "printer's pie" from our own columns turns out to be a mare's nest. The expression "we wot of" is good, honest English.

P. G. (Surrey).—Chemists are exempted from military service in conscript countries.

J. D. (Darnall).—The age of Miss Vesta Tilley is—*her* business.

J. G.—Thanks, but we are perfectly familiar with the miserable methods of the Waterman Advertising Co., of 36, Great James Street, London, W.C.

D. R. (West Ealing), a cripple, wants seven Surgical Aid letters for a pair of special boots. Her father cannot help her, on account of the war, whilst her brother is out at the front. As the poor girl tells us that she "suffers very much," we sincerely hope that any reader who can help in the way indicated will do so.

T. M. C. (London, E.C.).—We would give that German-named hostelry, where they refused to change you a £1 note and took your refreshment away rather than do so, a miss in baulk in future. We are not sure you have not a case against the proprietor for refusing to accept the note.

W. C. F. (Birmingham).—Our *dear* sir! You really must pull your wits together. The Cinema cartoon, to which you refer, was far from a "cheap sneer" at the National Guard. It was a comment upon the extraordinary treatment of that patriotic body by the military authorities. So you, as a member of the V.T.C., will please to smooth your ruffled plumes.

"WALES" (Llanrwst).—Glad you did not fall a victim to the wiles of "Millicent" Forbes, the fraudulent matrimonial agent, then of The Brick House, Wimbish, Essex.—The quack flesh-producer you mention is no good. It is the exploiters of it who grow fat.

E. D. (Kensington).—The Universal Mail Order Institute is an impudent imposture, run by a shameless Yankee.

"VALE" (Glasgow).—You seem to breed a lot of anonymous cowards in Glasgow.

"THE MOKE."—We scarcely know whether to put you down as a poet or a sausage machine. Judging by your strings of verses, you are a combination of both.

"ADMIRER OF J. BULL" (near Birmingham).—The wisdom of your lordship's observations would be more readily grasped if you improved your typewriting.

"ONE WHO HAS EXPERIENCED" (Bearwood).—You must be mossy on the roof if you fancy police officers practise "wireless telepathy . . . as a means of playing practical jokes or otherwise annoying private individuals."

"MAX J." (London, E.C.).—"Soon I shall gone." A pleasant journey—and mind the step.

"TWO TOMMY ATKINSES" (France).—Miss Geary has now received, through us, the mutilated letter, intended for her, which you picked up on the roadside near the trenches, and heartily thanks you for the trouble you have taken.

"READER" (Harrow).—You will be quite safe in doing business with Farrow's Bank.

J. J. H. J. (Lenzie).—Story about David nearly as old as David, and we thought it was as dead.

H. R. W. (Glasgow).—We do not send telegrams to notify "Bullets" prize-winners of their success. If you win a first prize the cheque would reach you on Thursday morning, the day JOHN BULL is published in Glasgow.

T. S. (Leslie, Fife) says he has saved five lives and "never got as much as thank you for any." Gratitude is one of the rarest and most fleeting of human virtues.

H. D. N. (Sydenham, S.E.).—You must have been reading JOHN BULL with one eye shut and the other half open.

P. (Hereford).—If the porter shouted "Pull down those blinds!" when there were no blinds to pull, he wasted his breath, that's all.

H. A. W. (Tooting).—The Household Supply Co., of 3, Warwick Street, Manchester, is certainly damned if it is not yet dead.

A. T. (Manor Park, E.) declares that he was once "ordered by G. Hardy" (who was Home Secretary in 1866 and 1868) "to be electrified, a system which was stopped immediately by the House of Commons." Good job for A.T. it *was* stopped.

J. J. (Shrewsbury).—Richard S. Field, of 9, Sun Street, Finsbury Square, London, E.C., is a cute party of similar kidney to the notorious humbug "Captain" Walter Rand. Therefore, fight shy of him.

DVR. E. J. (Northampton).—A policeman has no more right than anybody else to strike a young lady. Not even a Northampton policeman.

W. L. L. (Cardiff).—We flatly deny that in any issue we have spoken "of the Treasury sending out circulars," as you put it. We know nothing about the circulars, so it is most unlikely that we should have accused the Treasury of sending them.

A. B. S.—Immediately prior to the war our national debt stood at rather less than £700,000,000.

D. M. S. (Salisbury).—The wife and children take the nationality of the husband and father.

T. H. D.—When you favour us with your address, we shall be happy to reply to your letter.

L. M. (Hackney, N.E.).—We see no reason why a Russian Pole, being a naturalised British subject of 15 years' standing, should not help to make munitions. You might, however, write to the Minister of Munitions, Armaments House, London, S.W.

"GUERNSEY" (Tidworth).—The Moratorium is no longer in existence.

L. H. (Plumstead) tells us of an Army contractor who makes his working girls pay "nearly twice as much for cotton as they could buy it in a shop for." We would tax his war profits for him!

G. W. C. (Middlesbrough).—We hope you don't expect us to murder the compositor for that?

E. E. P. (Draycott Camp) tells us of a recruit who, when asked by the sergeant whether his wife was a spinster before marriage, replied: "No, a general servant." And the recruit was perfectly right. The term "spinster" originally meant "one who spun"; and that work being usually relegated to the young, unmarried women of the family, the word became a synonym for a single female.

MISS B. B. (Box).—Cannot understand your excited postcard. What is it you expect to hear from us about?

H. G. G. (Nairobi).—Your original impression that we are not afraid to publish anything was correct. But in war time we have to exercise the utmost discretion from motives of patriotism. Your experience of War Office red-tape and indifference has been the common lot of numberless inventors. We have published several such instances.

R. L. W. (London, E.C.).—The "Prize Watch" scheme of the British Supply Co., of Ilkeston, is a notorious "ramp" which we have exposed repeatedly.

"SOOT" (Stockport).—Your allegations make things look black against the soot firm. If true, someone should make a clean sweep of them.

"CONSTANT READER" (Cheltenham).—If you will forward your name and address we will send you the reply to the paragraph in question.

M. A. P. (London, W.C.) asks us to "tell Arnold Butler" she "did not buy beer with that 2d." She bought soap instead. Extravagant creature!

M. S. (London, S.W.) proposes that henceforth all loyal and patriotic Britons do eschew the word "kindergarten." We eschew it forthwith.

C. H. C. (Sandgate).—You say you sent us a newspaper cutting which stated "the town was pulled up," instead of the train being so dealt with, for us to use as "Printer's Pie," but that we did not use it. Then how can you expect us to pay for it?

Charming competitions in that charming paper, "Everywoman's Weekly."

BOXERS AND BOXING.

By EUGENE CORRI.

The average Scot is a cool, calm, calculating fellow, splendidly shrewd and not given to talking through his hat, as we are wont to say. So, judging one Dan McLaren as an entirely worthy and typical Scotsman, I am bound to assume that he has weighed up all possibilities when he says that there is backing to the amount of £500 for a match between Jack Ritchie, his country's heavy-weight, and Billy Wells for Lord Lonsdale's belt. I confess that, though most boxers of note have passed through my hands at some time or another, I know little or nothing about Ritchie's abilities. A big enough fellow, game and strong, but, if I may say so, not a boxer of vast experience. That they think no end of him in Scotland I have long known, and some time ago, if you remember, there was quite a lot of talk of putting him up against the ex-bombardier. Unhappily the scheme was upset by reason of Ritchie falling sick.

Wells' Opportunity.

Now we are told that he has returned from the mountains as the ideal fit man, and not only prepared to measure his strength against Wells, but, indeed, against any British heavy-weight. Ritchie may be all that is claimed for him, but if I were Wells I should not fear tackling him the least little bit. A stake of £500 is a handsome inducement for any man to take the ring, and as Wells, having embraced the Colours like the good chap he really is, is bound to regard his future as in the hands of the gods, he must see the wisdom of getting as many matches as he can while his military duties permit. The "stock" of Wells has gone up by reason of his defeat of Bandsman Rice at Liverpool, and any contest in which he takes part would be a tremendous attraction. His ups and downs notwithstanding, Wells remains, with Jimmy Wilde, the most popular boxer we have.

Talking about the heavy men of the profession, there has happened precisely what I expected—the match between Jess Willard and Fred Fulton is off. I give the American promoter credit for playing his cards as cleverly as anybody in the business, but I am bound to say that I was surprised when Fulton was put forward as the best man to fight for the title. Fulton has practically no record, and when he was selected as *the* man for the ponderous cowboy, I felt sure the idea was to allow Jess to engage in what the Yankee chooses to call "lemon plucking" before pitting him against a boxer who has at least done something out of the ordinary.

No Giants Nowadays.

It is said that Willard belongs to some sort of a syndicate who will take good care to assist him to hang on to the title, but surely they cannot believe that they have only to put up a man against him to draw the public. The truth is, we have no really great big boxer. Langford is not the wonder he was; Joe Jeanette is out of the business, McVea is in the sere and yellow stage, Jack Johnson is impossible, and—Willard excepted, though even he I think is decidedly lucky to be a world's champion—all we have are half-a-dozen possibilities. When I come to look round, I cannot resist the temptation of saying that if our Billy Wells had not played ducks and drakes with his chances, there would have been no Jess Willard. The heavy-weight championship, since Ahearn remains in America, would be a gift for Carpentier, did not his country claim him. It might be that my friend "Snowy" Baker, who has succeeded in making boxing the most popular of sports "down under," will unearth something really good. He certainly appears to have hit upon a marvellous fellow in Les D'arcy, a young Australian blacksmith.

Our New £1,000 Football Competition

£1,000 For an All-Correct Coupon.

£250 If One Error . . . . . .

£100 MUST be won EVERY WEEK .

We print herewith a coupon showing 18 matches to be played Saturday, January 15th. It is for you to forecast the results of these 18 matches. Thus, if your judgment tells you that Blackpool will beat Burnley you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Home." If you think that Burnley will beat Blackpool then you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Away." If you think that the match will end in a draw, you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Draw." *Do not cross out the names of the teams. Mark only with a cross* (X).

£250 FOR ONE ERROR.

Should no competitor send an all correct coupon, we shall award £250 to the reader whose coupon shows only one mistake. Should nobody succeed in winning either the £1,000 or the £250, then

£100 MUST BE WON

by the reader submitting the most nearly correct coupon. Competitors may send as many coupons as they choose, provided they abide by the rules of the Competition.

O.H.M.S. Members of his Majesty's Forces on Active Service abroad need not attach a voucher or postage stamp, but must write the words "Active Service" across space provided for stamp.

RULES. (1) All coupons must reach John Bull, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, not later than Friday, January 14. (2) Each and every coupon must have pinned to it, *not stuck down*, a penny stamp or else a Voucher to be found in *Everywoman's Weekly*. (3) The *Sporting Life* results will be accepted as correct. (4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for loss or non-delivery of any letter or letters. (5) Any alterations on a coupon will disqualify it. (6) In the event of a tie the Prize will be equally divided amongst the successful competitors. (7) All coupons must be marked in *ink*. Pencil marking will disqualify. (8) Should any of the matches not be finished, only the £100 Prize will be awarded. (9) Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

N.B.—Every coupon must have a penny stamp or a voucher from *Everywoman's Weekly* pinned to it. *Do not stick down your stamps.* Pin them.

SCOTTISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

HOME	AWAY	DRAW	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Blackpool	v.	Burnley
			Bury	v.	Stockport C.
			Oldham A.	v.	Manchester C.
			Rochdale	v.	Liverpool
			Southport C.	v.	Stoke
			Barnsley	v.	Leeds C.
			Grimsby	v.	Lincoln
			Huddersfield	v.	Notts County
			Sheffield U.	v.	Sheffield W.
			Croydon C.	v.	Brentford
			Millwall	v.	West Ham
			Watford	v.	Tottenham H.
			Clapton O.	v.	Crystal P.
			Arsenal	v	Chelsea
			Kilmarnock	v.	Clyde
			Dundee	v.	Rangers
			Queen's Park	v.	Aberdeen
			Hearts	v.	St. Mirren

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

PIN a penny postage stamp or Free stamp Voucher from *Everywoman's Weekly* **HERE**

Name .....

Address .....

.....

No. 16 Closing date, Friday, January 14th.

COMPANY NOTICES.

ALBY UNITED CARBIDE FACTORIES (Limited.)

Under the presidency of Mr. A. E. Barton the ninth annual general meeting was held at Winchester House, on December 29th, 1915. Mr. Barton, after apologising for the absence of Sir Vincent Caillard (who was detained on Government work), said that the period under review had naturally been one of difficulty and anxiety. It was, therefore, satisfactory to turn to the balance-sheet and find that the amount to the credit of profit and loss account after allowing £12,293 for depreciation, was £60,468, a result somewhat in excess of last year. To that sum must be added £42,316 carried forward from the previous year making a total of £102,785 which the directors proposed should be allocated as follows: One year's dividend to June 30th, 1915, on 5½ per cent. Preference shares, less tax £4,140, transfer to reserve fund £62,500, dividend of 1s. per share on the Ordinary shares less tax, £28,893, and to carry forward £7,251. All investments had been taken at cost. As a wise and precautionary measure it was proposed to create a reserve fund, transferring to it £87,500, being the premium on the last issue of shares and £62,500 from the profit and loss account making together a total of £150,000. Although shareholders might consider this policy a cautious one they would agree it was better to err on the side of safety. During the 12 months under review, 33,567 tons of carbide were sold for lighting and welding purposes, an increase of 12,647 tons over previous year. Owing to the large demand for carbide, the number of furnaces at Odda were being increased, which would result in increasing their total production capacity to nearly 90,000 tons per annum. Their satisfactory relations with the A/S Meraker Smeltvaark would, under contracts now arranged, be continued for a further period of 30 years. At present their interest in the share capital of Meraker Smeltvaark was 49 per cent., and that of their Norwegian friends 51 per cent. The North-Western Cyanamide Company (Limited) in which they held 94,000 shares, made the satisfactory return of 10 per cent., and would, doubtless, owing to the expansion of the cyanamide business, do better during the present financial year. After a passing reference to the meeting of the Nitrogen Products and Carbide Company reported above), the Chairman moved the adoption of the report and accounts. Major C. H. Campbell seconded the motion, and said he did not think the Chairman had been a bit too optimistic about their prospects. A short discussion followed, after which the resolution was carried unanimously, and a dividend of 1s. per share declared. The meeting concluded with the re-election of the retiring directors and auditors and the passing of a vote of thanks to the Chairman, directors and staff.

NITROGEN PRODUCTS AND CARBIDE COMPANY (Limited).

At the second annual general meeting, held on December 29th, 1915, at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, Mr. A. E. Barton, presiding, said that the financial year under review had entailed great anxiety and difficulties for the board. Though their activities had been much hampered, he was glad to inform them that all round good progress had been made. Their Vilvorde factory, in Belgium, and therefore in the occupation of the enemy, was still intact at a recent date, the directors were informed, and steps had been taken to claim compensation eventually. Respecting the losses mentioned in the report they were attributable in the earlier stages to difficulties apparently inseparable from the installation and running of a new plant, and later to conditions due to the war. Their staff, in both Norway and Sweden, had largely overcome these difficulties, and both Companies were now producing regularly and to present full capacity. One subsidiary had sold its whole output for the coming season at remunerative prices. Considerable portions of their cyanamide output had been sold for chemical purposes, one contract calling for 30,000 tons, and another 12,000 tons, annually. A further contract for 12,000 tons had just been secured at a highly satisfactory price. Much greater quantities could have been sold, but a certain amount must be reserved for their new chemical works, whilst the rest of the output would barely serve to meet the demands for their fertilisers. The whole output of Granular Nitrolim for the coming season had been sold, and much more could have been disposed of had it been available. The above two Companies, according to information to date, were earning substantial profits for the current year. Large works for producing nitrate acid and nitrate of ammonia by their catalytic process were being erected and the output was already sold by contract. In connection with this, 13,000 tons of cyanamide from the Odda Works will be utilised. Their catalytic process would also be used in another direction, on a royalty basis, for producing nitrate acid from ammonia. Another investment made was in the Perchloride Safety Explosives (Ltd.). The adoption of the directors' report and the accounts was then moved, and in seconding it, Major C. H. Campbell remarked that he had every confidence in the prospects of the company's fertiliser—Granular Nitrolim. Wars had invariably been followed by renewed attention to agriculture. He mentioned our immense imports of beet sugar, and said that when the war was over he anticipated very large cultivation of sugar beet in the United Kingdom, in which case all fertiliser companies must benefit enormously. The report was unanimously adopted.

MACONOCHIE'S
WORLD-FAMOUS RATIONS.
A MOST ECONOMICAL MEAL FOR A FAMILY
A RICH AND DELICIOUS STEW,
consisting of about 1-lb of the Finest Fresh Beef, without bone (equal to 1-lb with bone), with Potatoes, Haricots, Carrots and Onions. Weight of contents about 22 ozs nett.
Half-pint of Hot Water and Hard Crusts can be added to the Rich Gravy.
COOKED READY FOR USE ONLY WANTS WARMING.
Ask your Grocer for it.
Per 1/6 tin
TRY WHAT THE BOYS AT THE FRONT ARE EATING!

THE CRUEL STAB OF RHEUMATISM

The Dread Phantom

Rheumatism is mankind's commonest ill. It is also one of the most painful. Strangely enough, it is one of the easiest to relieve—if the right means are taken.

But most sufferers are entirely on the wrong track. Uric Acid must be treated *through the blood*. The Uric Acid must be dissolved and passed off through the secretions before relief can be obtained and permanent cure commenced

URILLAC

Better than Aspirin. Cheaper than Aspirin.

Urillac effects a certain cure where everything else has failed. It is taken up by way of the liver, mixing freely with the vital fluid, and dissolves the uric acid deposits which are the cause of the disease. Urillac is sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and all Chemists at 1s. 3d. and 3s., or post free from

The URILLAC CO., 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

THE CERTAIN CURE FOR:—

RHEUMATISM
GOUT
LUMBAGO
SCIATICA
NEURALGIA
HEADACHE
NEURITIS
GRAVEL
and All Uric Acid Ailments and Pains

FREE SAMPLE will be sent on receipt of two penny stamps for postage.

Blick

TYPEWRITERS

The machines with the 20 years' reputation. You can learn to operate the Blick in half-an-hour. Write for list (52A) and free home-trial. Roman, Italic and script type. Greek, Hebrew and Oriental characters can all be used on the same machine, changing instantly from one to the other. The Blick is compact, strong, durable, and extremely portable. Weighs 5 lbs.

THE BLICK CO., LTD., 9 & 10, Cheapside, London, E.C.

SHORTHAND

Based on greatly improved scientific and analogical principles, the

Sloan-Duployan System

saves a year's study and holds the World's Parliamentary Reporting Speed Record. Illustrated Handbook with lesson and specimens sent free from Sloan-Duployan Headquarters, Dept 82 Ramsgate.

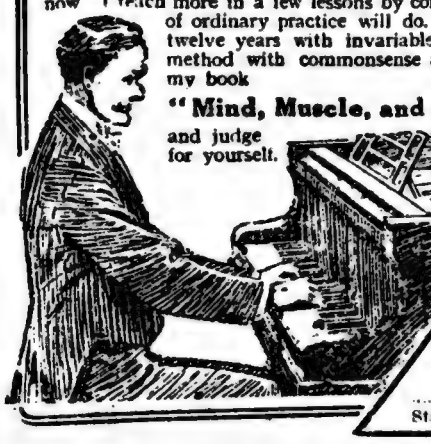
I will teach YOU to Play the Piano

Brilliantly without Practice-Drudgery,

Fatigue or Failure, even though you do not know a note of Music now. I teach more in a few lessons by correspondence than years of ordinary practice will do. Have done so for twelve years with invariable success. Scientific method with commonsense application. Read my book

"Mind, Muscle, and Keyboard."

and judge for yourself.



To Mr. H. Becker, 81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct London.

Please send complimentary copy of your book post free. I am a Beginner, Moderate, Advanced Player. (Cross out words which do not apply to you.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

State if Mr., Mrs., Miss, etc., or use p.c.

BREECHES

For the Soldier or Civilian at about half the prices usually charged. Cut and made to your measures by experts. No extra for strappings.

10/6 IN STRONG RIDING WEEDS SUPERIOR 12/6, 13/11, 15/11, 18/6

SEND FOR PATTERNS and Self-measuring instructions. Please say whether for Military or Civilian use

MILITARY KHAKI CORDS BETTER QUALITIES. 20/11, 24/11, 30/-

12/6

BEDFORD RIDING BREECHES CO. (Dept. B.J.), 29, GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

Keep 'him' warm in the Trenches.

Don't let him shiver and suffer. Send him one of the parcels below and he will keep as warm as toast in the coldest weather.

O.W. Leather Cuirass

No. 1 Parcel.	s.	d.
O.W. Cuirass	19	6
Mit-Gloves, Woollen material, palms lined leather ...	5	6
2 pairs Fleece Socks ...	3	0
Post free anywhere ...	21	0
No. 2 Parcel.	**s.**	**d.**
O.W. Cuirass 'V' front, lined	21	0
Mit-Gloves, as above, lined chamois	7	6
2 pairs Fleece Socks ...	3	0
	31	6

Sent post free anywhere for 30s.

With body, hands, and feet comfortable, your hero will be happy.

Send Postal Order or Cheque, and the goods will be sent at once.

O. W. CUIRASS SYNDICATE
2b, Aberdeen Chambers, 40, Great Marlborough Street, W.
(2 minutes from Oxford Circus.)

THE DEMAND FOR MOTOR DRIVERS IS GREATER THAN EVER.
Learn at Once.
THE BRITISH SCHOOL of MOTORING Officially investigated and approved by "JOHN BULL."
Unlimited Practical Training until satisfied and proficient.
Lowest Charges. No extra fees.
Official B.S.M. Certificate and Free Benefits of B.S.M. Licensed Motor Employment Agency.
Call or send for particulars, and mention JOHN BULL.
THE BRITISH SCHOOL of MOTORING, Ltd., 5, COVENTRY STREET, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.

add a string to your bow By sketching, and increase your income. Our booklet B, a free lesson in itself, shows you how. Write to-day to Secretary.
A.B.C. SCHOOL OF DRAWING.
210, Strand, W.C.

John Bull's Guarantee.

We guarantee the goods sold by every advertiser in "John Bull." If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money.

When replying to advertisements be careful to write your name and address clearly.

ECZEMA

PILES, BAD LEGS, CHILBLAINS, and all skin complaints are speedily relieved and cured by just a few applications of the world-famed

HARDCASTLE'S BALM of GILEAD

Made and sold for over a century.

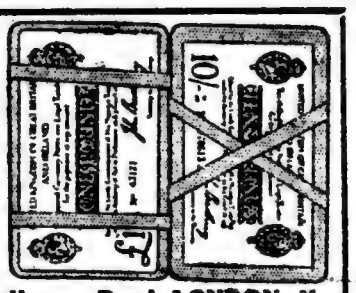
Sold by Boots, Taylors & all Chemists and Stores at 1/2 and 2/4 a box.

FREE SAMPLE
sent for 2d. stamps by Proprietors, W. Hardcastle and Sons, Stockton-on-Tees. Established 1806.

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Patterns of Overcoats Suits, Costumes, Paletots, or Raincoats; or Catalogue of Ladies' & Children's Wear, Furs, Sewing Machines, Footwear, Watches, Jewellery, Gramophones and Records, Sheffield Cutlery and Tools, Prams, Linn, Silver Novelties, etc. J. G. GRAVES, LTD., SHEFFIELD.
FOR EVERYTHING ON EASY TERMS

Every reader of "John Bull" should have
The "REVERSIBLE"
Treasury Note Case
(Prov. Patent 5022).
The best means of carrying £1 and 10/- Notes. Made in real Leather, with initials in gold. 2s. 8d. post free.
A Most Useful Present.
Send P.O. to actual Manufacturers—
D. HARPER & CO., Ltd., 258 262, Holloway Road, LONDON, N.



1916—A WOMAN'S YEAR

Every woman who wants an interesting, helpful, and dainty paper to keep her in touch with everything happening in the World of Women should read "Everywoman's Weekly."
A special feature is a splendid series of soul-stirring articles by

Mr. Horatio Bottomley

which forcefully appeal to all women of the British Empire. You should get this week's issue. Now on Sale. One Penny. Be sure to ask for

Everywoman's Weekly

Easy to "Get-at" and Breakproof.

Those are the qualities which the Army Wrist Watch Protector invests in your Wrist Watch.

This neat little device converts any wrist watch into a miniature Hunter, reducing the risk of breakage to a minimum, while by a single movement of the right hand the dial can be seen immediately.

The ARMY WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR

Gives absolute protection to any Wrist Watch.

Well made in various styles and sizes to fit any wrist watch It is light in weight—unobtrusive, and enables the watch to be worn even when the glass is broken. Closes automatically when released.

SEND ONE TO YOUR FRIEND AT THE FRONT.

Nickel or Khaki Finish - 1/6
Leather Covered, from - 2/6

Solid Silver from 6/6. Also in Solid Gold.

Sold by Jewellers, Silversmiths, Cutlers, etc.

If unable to obtain from your own jeweller, send stamps or postal orders direct to

SALES MANAGER:
Waltham Buildings,
29, Church Street,
LIVERPOOL.

Riley Billiards in Thousands of Homes for a small first payment of 8/6.

GREAT FREE TRIAL OFFER to prove the enjoyment it gives.

THINK of it! Just a Postal Order NOW, and years of continuous enjoyment are given your household.

Healthy, happy amusement that adds an enjoyment to home life. Recreation for young or old—and Billiards is a game that's easy to learn on a Riley Miniature Table, which is so perfectly proportioned and so well made that any expert player delights in making the most difficult strokes on it.

One of these delightful Riley Miniature Tables is despatched to your door, carriage paid within seven days from receipt of your P.O. for 8s. 6d. If you're not completely satisfied after seven whole days' trial, pack up the Table, advise Rileys, and they will have it removed.

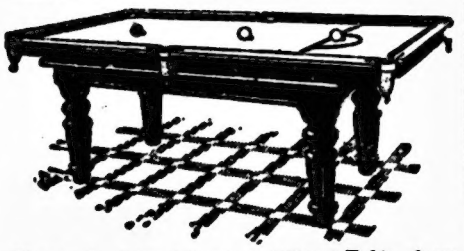
8/6 DOWN

brings to your home immediately

Riley's Miniature Billiard Table.

£s. £d. down—and then, whilst you are getting the enjoyment from the Table, you pay the balance in 12 monthly payments of £s. 6d.

Cash price 5 Guineas—a delightfully convenient size to fit OVER an ordinary table, and to fit any ordinary sized room. Measures 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in.



This is the Riley Miniature Billiard Table, shown resting on ordinary table.

IN addition to the Miniature Tables, Riley's have another style—which may be paid for by monthly payments over a period of 13 or 18 months—the

RILEY "COMBINE" BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE

—really a magnificent piece of furniture, which may be converted into a large-sized Billiard Table by its very simple automatic raising and lowering action. This size also can be secured on easy payments spread over a period of 13 or 18 months. Cash prices are from £13 10s to £38.

FREE. On receipt of a postcard, full detailed Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables, and full or small sized Tables or Sundries.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Premier Works, Accrington,
London Showrooms: 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

CHILDREN'S COUGHS

and Mother's Cough that gave no rest completely cured by Veno's.

MRS. PRUTTON, Church End, Arlesey, Beds., says:—"It is some years since I first used Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. I had caught a cold and a most trying cough that nothing would relieve. It persisted all through the winter though I kept taking various remedies that people told me about. I was getting quite alarmed about the cough, when one day my husband brought me a bottle of Veno's, and I commenced taking it. Actually in two days it cured me, though I had been coughing for months.

"After that I made Veno's my family cough medicine, and I cannot tell you all that I owe to it. When whooping-cough was all about this village, and fourteen dear little children had been carried to their graves, I saved my own darlings by giving them Veno's, and when I think of the suffering of poor little children from that terrible complaint I wish I could tell every mother about Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. It is just splendid."

Mrs. Prutton's Children.

Awarded Grand Prix and Gold Medal International Health Exhibition, Paris, 1910.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the best remedy for:—
COUGHS & COLDS, BRONCHITIS, LUNG TROUBLES, INFLUENZA, OLD-AGE COUGHS, ASTHMA, NASAL CATARRH, WHOOPING COUGH, BLOOD SPITTING, BAD BREATHING.

11½d. A Bottle.

Larger Sizes, 1/3 and 3/-, of Chemists and Stores the world over, including leading chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and India. Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes.

"BULLETS" BRING BIGGEST PRIZES.

OVER 5,000 PRIZES VALUE £1,000 TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

2ND PRIZE £25 | **FIRST PRIZE £250** | **2ND PRIZE £25**

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	100 PRIZES OF 5/-	1000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2000 Special 'Target' PRIZES	2000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

OVER 5,000 PRIZES TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

☛ **Please note that Competitors can now make use of two extra coupons, which are to be found on the page opposite.**

No. | Closing date, Thursday, January 13th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(171) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS No. 171," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. | Closing date, Thursday, January 13th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(171) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If two Coupons are used P.O for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition, **No. 172. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, JANUARY 20th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **172** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 172, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 172.

THE BEST POLICY	WASTING TIME	RULING THE WAVES	FEW LIKE HER
ANSWERING TOMMY	A RUDE SHOCK	MAKES WIFE HAPPY	FIGHTING CHANCE
FEEDING THE GERMANS	PRETTY HOUSEMAID	CRUSHING REPLY	A REGULAR CUSTOMER
HARD WORK	SPOONING	CAN'T DO WITHOUT	A FINE TIME
TAKES AFTER FATHER	CERTAINLY NOT	POPPING THE QUESTION	IN THE HOUSE

Soldiers and Sailors desiring to send extra "Bullets" may submit them on plain paper. An entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" submitted must be enclosed. If possible entry fees should be paid by English postal-orders. English stamps and notes on the Bank of France will also be accepted. No other notes of any kind will be accepted.

This week's list of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 171:—

MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION
CATCHING THE BACHELOR
WHEN PARLIAMENT ACTS
PRINCIPAL GIRL
COMPELLED TO MOVE
BACK TO WORK
WELCOME CHANGE
A BARE EXISTENCE
LEARNING HIS LESSON
PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT
A BITTER PILL
LAST KISS
IN A TIGHT CORNER
GERMAN OFFICIAL
THE NEW GENERAL
MIGHTY DEEP
MOST AMUSING WHEN
TOMMY'S FAVOURITE
GETTING MIXED
MAKES FATHER LAUGH
STEADY HANDS
AFTER THE WEDDING
MONEY MATTERS
A LITTLE MISS
BOLD TYPE
TELLING THE WIFE
NOTHING DOING
GOES DOWN WELL
MIXING THINGS
CAUSES ILL FEELING

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE, or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
WELCOME CHANGE.
Bullet:—
FATHER ARRIVES HOME EARLY.
Example:—
STEADY HANDS.
Bullet:—
NEEDED BY SURGEON.
Example:—
BOLD TYPE.
Bullet:—
SOMETIMES DISLIKED.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated January 29th.

This week's Bullet Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's Weekly" dated January 8th.

RESULT OF 168TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Miss BIRKETT,
124, Shelley Avenue,
East Ham, London, E.

Example:—SEEKING PEACE.
Bullet:—SEE KAISER "HANGED" FIRST.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. GILBERT LESLIE,
4, Green Bank,
Waterloo, Liverpool.

Example:—PERFECT WIFE.
Bullet—TILL I KNEW "BETTER."

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. [illegible] STEELE, 48, Mayville Avenue, Scarborough:
FILLING THE STOCKING—LOTS OF "SWEET THINGS."
(Sent in on a "Target" Prize Coupon).

Mr. [illegible] F. W. HEALE, 4, Eastwood Road, St. Anne's Park, Bristol:
SPEAKING PEACE—GERMAN "CONDITIONS" HOPELESS.

Mr. [illegible] ASHDOWN, 14, Perowne Street, Aldershot:
NOT TRUE—THAT RAMSAY'S "RETIRING."

Mr. H. HARRISON, Myrtle Grove, Lowca Lane, Seaton, Nr. Workington:
TILL FOUND OUT—THE "BETTER HALF" UNTOLD.
(Sent in on a "Target" Prize Coupon).

Mr. JAMES McDONALD, 67, Holburn Street, Aberdeen:
LOVE'S SWEET SONG—ITS "BURDEN" REALISED LATER.

Mr. H. C. HOARE, 2, Beechfield Avenue, Yelverton, Devon:
LITTLE WILLIE—HIS WEAKNESS "COMMON PROPERTY."

Mr. EVAN EVANS, 91, Grove Road, Bridgend, Glam.:
BOYS AND GIRLS—DISLIKE "PRESENT" ECONOMY.

Mr. EDWARD BROWN, 38, Horder Road, Fulham, London, S.W.:
BAD EGGS—SELDOM "THROWN AT ONE."

Mr. M. GOODHALL c.o. Mrs. J. Watt, 49, Iona Street, Leith:
[illegible]OTAL CRANKS—ALWAYS MOVING OTHERS' "AMENDMENT."

Mr. [illegible]FRED EBDON, 44, Heaver Road, Fulham Road, Battersea, London, S.W.:
PERFECT WIFE—AN IDEAL "MUMMY" PROBABLY.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. [illegible] EAST, Hughington, Lincoln:
PERFECT WIFE—IF HUSBAND "MADE" HER.

Mr. JAMES McKIRDY, 13, Watt Street, Greenock, Scotland:
NOTHING TO LAUGH AT—THE VICAR'S COMIC SONG.

Miss [illegible]LLIAN O'REILLY, 14, Brocklebank Road, Wandsworth, London, S.W.:
UNDER SPECIAL—RAILWAY PORTER BUYS NEWSPAPER.

Corpl. C. RESTALL, c.o. 32, Englefield Road, Dalston, London:
UNCALLED FOR—DRINKS "ROUND," PREVIOUSLY "SQUARED."

Mr. R. C. FITCHETT, Cookham Dean, Cookham Rise, Berks:
WHEN ASLEEP—HORATIO AN OPTIMIST "STILL."

Mr. J. PARR, 22, McDowall Road, Camberwell, London, S.E.:
TEETOTAL CRANKS—WON'T "ABSTAIN" FROM INTERFERENCE.

Miss NORAH BARRY, 167, High Street, Hounslow, Middlesex:
TEETOTAL CRANKS—"ACTS" MISREPRESENT "FACTS."

Mr. A. M. BRASNETT, "Avondale" Park Rd., W. Hartlepool:
DESERVES CREDIT—EVERY PERFORMER—LOCAL NEWSPAPER.

Mr. G. BUNYON, 9, Hilda Road, Brixton, London, S.W.:
LOVE'S SWEET SONG—TILL NEIGHBOUR SINGS IT.

Mr. J. W. CHILD, 17, Barlow Terrace, Keighley, Yorks:
NOTHING TO LAUGH AT—SOON EMPTIES MUSIC HALL.
(Sent in on a "Target" Prize Coupon).

Selection from 100 Prizewinners of 5s. each.

ADAMS, W. J., Alconbury School, Huntingdon.
ANTONSON, M. (Mrs.), 21, Pross Street, Partick, Glasgow.
BAILEY, MAUD, 28, Buller Road, Thornton Heath.
BALDWIN, C. G., 56, Cowley Road, Walton Liverpool.
BETTESWORTH, W., Pilley, Boldre, Lymington.
BILLOWS, G. L., 3, Castle Road, Wallasey.
BLAIR, STUART, D. (Lt.-Commdr. R.N.), Poldhu Wireless Station, Mullion, S. Cornwall.
BLANCHARD, C., 133, Bayford Road, Littlehampton.
BODENHAM, E., Dinham Cottage, Ludlow.
BOWEN, A. W. (Sgt.-Major), Drill Hall, Menai Bridge, Anglesey.
BROWN, H. J., 125, Thorold Road, Ilford.
BUNKER, CHARLES, 13, Russell Street Gloucester.
CAMERON, WILLIAM R., 61, Westmoreland Street, Crosshill, Glasgow.
CAMERON, W. F., 54, Salterton Road, Holloway, N.
DAVIES (Mrs.), 18, High Street, Haverfordwest.
DICK, MATTHEW, 37, Chapel Street, Cowdenbeath.
DOHERTY, E. (Sergt.), East Lancs. Regt., Plymouth.
DONONOE, E. (Mrs.), 52 Wolsdon Street, Plymouth.
DUNCAN, J. (Miss), 9, Bell Street, S. Andrews, Scotland.
EDMONDS, WALTER, 26, Compton Terrace, Highbury, N.
EXTENCE, R. S., 117, Commercial Street, New Tredegar, Mon.
EYRE, C., 305, Beverley Road, Hull.
FAWCETT, E. (Mrs.), 58, Lansdowne Road, West Hartlepool.
FORDEN, T., 4, Woodbine Street, Monton Street, Manchester.
FOX, D. P., 35, West Street, Brighton.
FROUD, W. F. (Sergt.), 56, Wardle Road, South Croydon.
GORE, JEANIE, 13, Orbiston Place, Windmillmile Street, Motherwell.

WE ARE UNABLE TO PUBLISH A FACSIMILE OF THE CHEQUE FOR £300 AWARDED LAST WEEK, AS IT HAD NOT COME THROUGH OUR BANK AT THE TIME OF GOING TO PRESS.

GOSDEN, URSULA (Mrs.), 6, Gordondale Road, Wimbledon Park.
GREENARD (Bombardier), Morninghield Hospital, Aberdeen.
GUY, E., 20, School St., St. George's, Nr. Wellington, Salop.
HALE (Sister), The Hospital, London Road Newcastle, Staffs.
HALE, FRED H., 74, Kyrle Road, West Side, Clapham Common.
HALL, J. R., 32, Kelvin Grove, Gateshead.
HARRISON, REGINALD, 710, Fulham Road, Fulham.
HARSLEY, G. W., 111, Norfolk Street, Sheffield.
HART, WILLIAM L., 1a, Tynemouth Road, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
HAY, E., 20, Greenhill Place, Edinburgh.
HERRIOTT, M. H., 40, Woodland Road, Upper Norwood.
HESTER, E. M., 226, Main Road, Sidcup.
HOBSON, LILLAS, Cottage Hospital, Mount sorrel, Loughborough.
HUNT, PETER, 87, Park Road, Ilford.
HUSSEY, W. H., 18, Pembridge Square, Bayswater.
JENKINSON, GEORGE, 30, Farrant Avenue, Wood Green.
JOHNSON, A. (Pvte.), 12222, C. Squadron 11th Hussars, Aldershot.
JONES, H. (Mrs.), 51, Cross Street, Bradley, Bilston.
JONES, S., "Stretford" Post Office Buildings, Old Colwyn.
KEMP, C. (Miss), Kepped, Millport, N.B.
KIRSOPP, JOHN, 10, Eglinton Street, Irvine, N.B.
LAWTON, A. F., 5, Princes Avenue, Chester.
LAW, A., 41, Hamilton Place, Aberdeen.
LENNARD, A., 125, Earlham Grove, Forest Gate.
LINDLEY, H., 6, Alric Avenue, Harlesden.
LOWE, R. A., 5, Russell Avenue, Wood Green.
LYON, A., 107, Upper Richmond Road, Putney.
MACDONALD, JAMES W., Ickneild Road, Leagrave, Nr. Luton.
McLEOD, R., 3, St. Clement's Street, Aberdeen.
MALONE, ALFRED, 105, Ann Street, Belfast.
MOORE, J. A., 15, Vicar Street, Oakengates, Salop.
MOSS, H. (Trooper), 18, Ceylon Place, Eastbourne.
NELSON, L. B., 241, Central Drive, Blackpool.
PARISH, J. W., 3 Warwick Villas, London Road, Leigh-on-Sea.
PARTRIDGE, S., 28, Rossett Road, Great Crosby, Liverpool.
PARTRIDGE, ROBERT, Ballaghaderin, Co. Roscommon.
PECK, D., Geldham House, Felixstowe.
PHILLIPS, G., 33, Fitzhamon Embankment, Cardiff.
PLOWS, WILLIAM A., 47, Vyner Street, York.

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons can be used, but a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be enclosed and made payable to "John Bull" and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon must enclose one postal order for the amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☛ YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, January 13th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(171) P.O. No.....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

Signed .....
Address.....
.....
If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

If all four coupons are used, P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, January 13th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

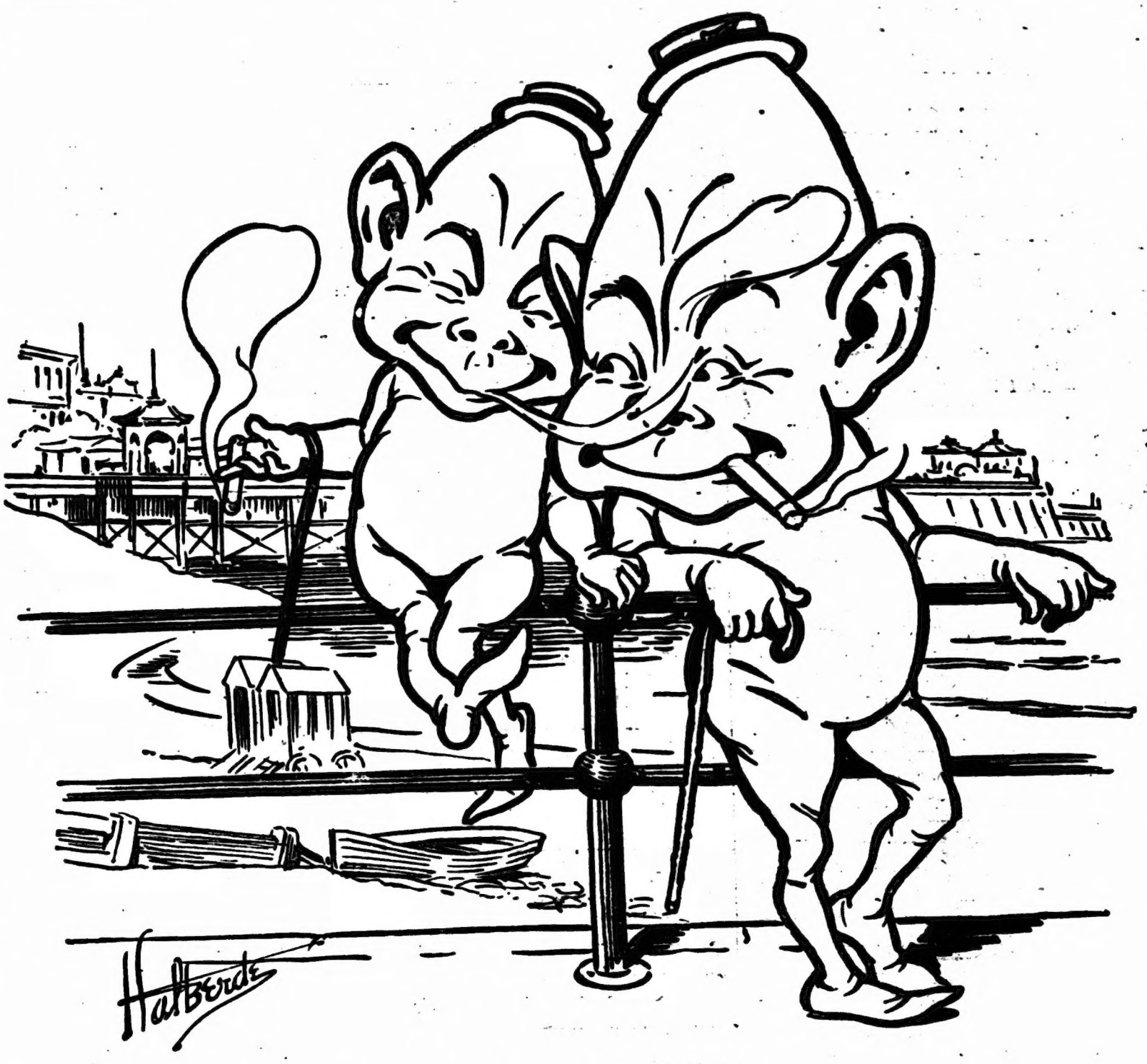
Bullet.....

(171) P.O. No.....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

Signed .....
Address.....
.....
If four Coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 171," "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS IN THE ABOVE COMPETITION CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."



We linger on the promenade, the centre of attraction,
In graceful style to smoke awhile, with cheerful satisfaction—

CHAIRMAN JUNIORS.

If you have Chairman Juniors you have really good cigarettes—because they are the original Chairman made a little smaller to enable them to be sold at 3d. the packet of 10. Otherwise, in quality of tobacco and in its pleasing smoking qualities, they are the same. Not a cheap cigarette with coupons, but a good cigarette without them.

They are sold everywhere at

3d. for 10.

Made and guaranteed in every particular by R. J. LEA, LTD., Manchester.

Printed and Published by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.; Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.
All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2595.